MY TRIP to the ORIENT

BY

REV. J. G. SHARPE

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OUR PARTY AT THE SPHINX.

MY TRIP TO THE ORIENT

BY

J. C. SIMMONS, D. D.

OF THE PACIFIC ANNUAL CONFERENCE

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Dedication

TO

J. R. PEPPER AND WIFE

OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

WHOSE TENDER KINDNESS ADDED SO MUCH TO THE
PLEASURE AND PROFIT OF MY JOURNEYINGS
IN THE ORIENT

This Fruit of Our Trip

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE.

From early manhood I have had a consuming desire to visit classic and Bible lands, but never till in my seventy-fifth year did the opportunity offer itself; and from the beginning of my journey I have had in mind the relation of what I saw and heard for the benefit of my friends and the reading public. While in many instances I have used the guide-books that were available, I have not leant upon them, except where it was necessary to get facts and figures. I have tried to see, and to think, and to write for myself. With Bible in hand, I have accepted nothing, whatever tradition might say, if not substantiated by it. I do not claim infallibility for my book, but I have adhered strictly to facts, where it was possible to secure these facts. I have sought for information from the best sources at hand, and from notes taken on the ground I have written while matters were fresh in my mind.

J. C. Simmons.

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MY TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

CHAPTER I.

Leaving Home — Mount Shasta — In Montana — Irrigating Sage-brush Land — Mount Rainier — Destruction of Timber — In New York — On the Sea.

THE BEGINNING OF THE TRIP.

It seems like a long time since I was notified of my selection by the Bishops as a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference of Methodism in London. But the time to start at last has come, and I am off on my long journey.

On the evening of August 8, 1901, at seven o'clock, our train started. If the many expressed wishes for a pleasant journey and a safe return count for anything, you may look for me back in due time to tell you of the abiding love and protecting care of a loving Heavenly Father. These cordial and heartfelt expressions, coming from so many, make me love God and his people more and better than ever.

Friends met me at Sacramento, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour (eleven, P. M.), with more than a "God bless you," for they added to my lunch-basket, and to my purse as well. Such friends deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance.

As often as I have crossed the continent, I have never gone by the Northern Pacific, so I concluded to try that route. This necessitated a trip entirely through the state of Oregon and about one half of Washington to Tacoma.

The first morning found me above Redding. As we went up the Sacramento River, the stream dwindled, until one could wade it at almost any point. As we neared Mount Shasta, the growth and the scenery began to change. Tall pines, in their excurrent growth, shot their spire-shaped tops high up into the heavens, while feathery ferns decorated the moist earth at their feet. Old

Shasta sent his melting snows, by underground passages, down until they reached the bluff above the river, when they leaped out in clear, gushing springs that would almost slake the thirst by looking at them.

When we reached Shasta Springs, a brakeman announced, "Four minutes at the spring." The hundreds of passengers rushed out, many with cups in hand, and such crowding and dipping and drinking one does n't often see. The water is ice-cold, and so heavily surcharged with carbonic-acid gas, that it flies, sparkling, into the face, and bites the tongue with the most pleasureable sensation. My! but it was refreshing and delightful. I felt that it would have been far more satisfactory to have stayed at the spring four hours instead of four minutes. Then one could have prolonged the pleasure of drinking, instead of gulping down a whole pint, as some of us did, at a draft. For several minutes after returning to the car my stomach imitated the spring in sending up volumes of gas.

But old Shasta — the pride and glory of California — who can describe? He does not seem to lift his head over fourteen thousand feet, but in massive grandeur he stands sovereign of the vast range of the Sierra Nevadas, that stretch in towering splendor for a thousand miles, like an empire, at his feet. He needs no scepter, no crown, to proclaim him monarch of the range. He was born a king, and there is none to dispute his claim to the royal line. On his broad bosom have beat the battle-storms of a thousand years and left no scar, neither have they shaken one pillar of his throne. So massive is his form, that the tempest's battle-shock on one side is not felt on the other. The very artillery of heaven, that works such havoc on lesser things, may hurl their heaviest shots, unfelt, on his bosom or his brow. Winter may pile the snows of a thousand storms on his head, and they will lie as lightly as a veil on the brow of a bride. Clouds, riding on the wings of wind, may stride his giant sides, but he will stand like a rock in the sea, and when the clouds clear away he looks as calm and placid as a sleeping giant.

One forms the grandest conception of the creative power of God when standing, like a speck, under the shadow of such a mountain. Mountains play an important part in both the Old and the New Testament history. They were God's favorite meeting-places with men.

IN MONTANA.

I formed a number of very pleasant acquaintances on the train. Some of them gave me a cordial invitation to visit them should I ever come to Portland. It is better to have friends than it is to have money. I called on some during the six hours I had to lay over in Portland. Beside the delights of association, they gave me a good dinner and replenished my basket with fruits and other things.

I was perfectly delighted with the cars and the service of the Northern Pacific railway. The tourist-car was almost like a Pullman, except the seats are covered with nice leather instead of plush. The beds were about as good, and everything was done up in style.

This route, striking east from Spokane, in Washington, sweeps through Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, and Minnesota to St. Paul. It passes over a vast area of desert land,—land that seems unfit for anything, much of it mountainous, rocky, and barren. But it is wonderful what water will do for the desert.

There are two counties in Washington, of which Pasco is the center, that, a few years ago, were covered with sage-brush. But enterprising men planned an irrigation system, and brought in water that had been running to waste for years, and now I am told that these two counties produce one fiftieth of the wheat grown in the United States.

While I write this, in eastern Montana we are passing hundreds of thousands of acres of such looking sage-brush land, and we are running down a river with water enough in it to supply the greater portion of it. Soon after turning east we passed in sight of Mount Rainier. It loomed up in solitary grandeur as one of the great ones of the earth. It was clothed in snow, seemingly, to its base. The lower strata of air was so filled with smoke as to obscure not only its base, but all the surrounding mountains; not one could be seen. And yet, there it stood in solitary grandeur, wrapped in its spotless robe of snow, as if chilled by its own isolation. The setting sun was at our back, flaming on its bleak side, making it glow as with a warmth it could not feel. It bathed it with light as with a garment. It softened its asperities, and gave to it additional charms. It was wonderful how long the

sunlight hung upon its summit and dallied with its brow. Long after it had left the vale and mountains below to shadows and darkness, old Rainier stood out in the gloom like a vast pile of phosphorus, as if it would light the world when the sun had gone down. All the ten minutes we were at Tacoma we gazed upon its glowing form, and when our train bore us away, plunging into the night, this mighty mountain still stood, in ghostly grandeur, glowing against the evening sky. It is 14,526 feet high.

Sunday found us in Idaho, but as that state is very narrow where we cross it, it was not long until we were in Montana.

All day Sunday and all day Monday we spent in crossing this great state. Our car was full, but it was not a great while until the majority of us knew each other, and we enjoyed ourselves all the more for it.

We had no service in the car, although there were a number of Epworth Leaguers on the train. I suggested it to one or two, and they thought it a good idea. But I would not press the matter, for fear they would think I was anxious to preach. It is true, there was another preacher on board, but he was a young man just out of college. By the way, he was at Yosemite last Sunday, and told me that he put in a full day sightseeing,—even climbed to the top of Yosemite Falls. How men do borrow from God to save time! No doubt but that we are tested by just such trials as this; and how easy it is for us to persuade ourselves that in communing with nature we are serving God, when God knows we are doing it alone to gratify our own carnal desires.

It is a mighty nice thing to be an every-day, consistent Christian. I have talked with two men on the train about their religious life, and both of them were stumbling over the inconsistent lives of professing Christians. I tried to show them that they were responsible for their own conduct, and not for the faults of others.

I put in some of the Sabbath in reading the entire Epistle to the Romans, and in meditating over its wonderful revelations and arguments. To my mind, it is the greatest of all of Paul's writings, if not the greatest single book in the Bible. He lays deep and broad his foundations, and then lays up every stone with care and precision, and when the whole is done, he hangs up, within its halls, the pictures of many of his friends, suffering Tirtius, his amanuensis, to put on the last embellishing touch.

FARTHER EAST.

As we swept down the Yellowstone River, I saw a turtle sunning himself upon a rock. It has been many a long day since I saw one, but I knew him as soon as I laid eyes on him. It is hard to forget our boyhood friends.

I realize that I am in the land of cyclones, for I see the cyclone-holes, or dugouts, as I pass. When they see a storm arising, like the squirrels they *go for their holes*. Who can blame them?

When we reached Missoula, Montana, I stepped out on the platform. I saw a clerical-looking gentleman whose face looked familiar, but when I spoke to him I saw my mistake. He asked my name. I told him "Simmons." "What! is this J. C. Simmons of the South Church, in California?" I told him I was. He said he never saw me before, but had seen my picture in the *California Advocate*, and had heard of me for years, and wanted to see me. He said his name was Rawlins. Their Conference was then in session in that place, Bishop Fowler presiding. He said the Bishop preached one of his grandest sermons that morning. He spoke of Bishop Duncan, and of our Conference that was soon to convene.

Our train ran for hours on the borders of a lake called Pend d'Oreille. It is a French name, and means "lobe of the ear." We ran up Clark's Fork till late in the day. This indicated that we were still on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, as the streams flow toward the Pacific. As we climb the Rockies, the flora changes. Little pines predominate. But it is wonderful how many of these pines have been killed by forest fires. Millions of them stand on the mountain sides, dead, and I could see no new shoots coming up to take their places.

When speaking of Shasta I did intend to tell of the sad destruction of all the timber round about the mountain.—mills, mills, everywhere, ripping and sawing into lumber every tree large enough. The stumps stand like gravestones in this cemetery of slain forests. Have the trees no friends? Will no hand arrest the ringing, swinging ax in its ruthless work? When too late, California will wake to her folly.

I met a gentleman between St. Paul and Chicago, who told me that they had stripped the forests of Minnesota and Wisconsin,

that were thought to be inexhaustible, of nearly all the good timber. He gave a large order to a lumberman not long since, and when it was filled he complained of the inferior quality of the lumber, when, to his astonishment, he was told that the supply of good lumber was exhausted.

I saw carload after carload of logs on the way to the mills to be sawed into lumber, that were only a little larger than telegraph poles.

Tuesday night we had on board of our train United States Senator Carter of Montana, who is credited with having made the longest speech ever made in the United States,—thirteen hours and twenty minutes. It was no mere windy talk against time, but it was a giant effort against a money-stealing harbor appropriation bill for fifty million dollars. He looked up the whole thing, posting himself on the depth and capacity of all the harbors for which appropriations were sought, and when he charged down on the thieving cohorts, he walked the deck of his ship like Dewey at Manila, without an enemy in sight.

Is n't it a humiliating fact that there are men wearing the toga of the United States who ought to be wearing the stripes of the state prison, among other thieves?

Minneapolis and St. Paul are two great inland cities, only eleven miles apart. They both seem to be in a thriving condition.

We reached Chicago at seven, A. M., Wednesday, and left for New York at ten; so we saw nothing of this great city.

We had a little thunder-shower the evening before reaching Chicago. I could see the lightning playing in the cloud, although it was either too distant or the cars made too much noise for us to hear the thunder.

As we passed through portions of Indiana, we saw a great number of towers or derricks (I am not posted on oil nomenclature) for boring for oil. They were all new, so the oil fever must be of recent date in these parts. I counted more than a dozen in sight at one time from the car window, and once or twice I caught the scent of oil,—so somebody has struck it.

When we got over into Pennsylvania we had a fine rain. And now, as I write, we are rapidly nearing New York, the end of my journey by land. We shall see what we shall see when we get to sea.

ON THE SEA.

I have but little to say of New York, for I was there but a little over a day, and much of the time was taken up with business. I called at the *Christian Advocate* office. Dr. Buckley, to my regret, was not in, but his assistant, Brother Herben, met me with a cordiality that was most gratifying. He said he knew me by reputation, and was anxious to meet me. He furnished me with all the late Southern papers, and I had a feast looking through them.

In the afternoon I went to Central Park, and came back on an automobile. It was run by electricity, and I had a most delightful ride. There is a great number of automobiles in the city. I counted thirteen in the space of a few blocks. Some were very fine; others struck me as clumsy. I visited General Grant's tomb. It is a much plainer structure than I expected to see. It is, however, massive and beautiful. It is built square, with huge columns on all its sides; the whole is surmounted with a dome. The whole structure is 150 feet high, and perhaps 100 feet square. It is made of white granite, and is entered on one side. In the center is a circular opening, perhaps twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and on the floor beneath rest two sarcophagi,—one containing the remains of General Grant, the other those of his wife. The location is a most picturesque one. It is on a hill overlooking the Hudson River.

In the evening I was greatly pleased at meeting a nephew from Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

On Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, I went on board the steamer Menominee, which was to be my home for ten or twelve days. It is an immense ship of ten thousand tons, and is, by long odds, the steadiest ship I was ever on. The captain said it was the steadiest ship on the Atlantic. It is true, we have had a remarkably calm time, but there has not been a single case of seasickness among the 83 passengers, and this is the third day. We had hardly cast off our lines, before a gentleman came up to me and said, "Did I not hear you give a speech of welcome to the Epworth League Convention in San Francisco?" He said he was on the platform, and thought I was the man. It was the Rev. C. M. Giffin, D. D., of Scranton, Pennsylvania, a delegate to the

Ecumenical Conference. I was truly glad to have company. I soon found another delegate from Minnesota, and a lay delegate from Pennsylvania. This made it very pleasant for me.

The large body of our passengers are English, but, take them all in all, they are as pleasant a lot of passengers as one will see anywhere. Sunday morning we had Episcopal service, conducted by the captain. He came to me in the afternoon and apologized for not calling upon me. He said they were required to conduct the Episcopal service every Sabbath morning, but that if either of the ministers desired to preach in the evening, he would be very glad to have him do so. But none of us had on "our sea-legs," and we were almost afraid to undertake it. It rained all Sunday afternoon. In the evening the young people assembled in the parlor and spent several hours in singing. We found that we had several fine performers on the piano, and some excellent singers.

Monday dawned bright and beautiful. We found, by consulting the "log," that we were running over three hundred miles a day.

The young people have several games on board,—one called "shuffleboard," where little round boards six inches in diameter are shot across the deck by punching them with cues. They enjoy it, and I enjoy looking at them.

I am very fortunate in my location at the table. Dr. Giffin, Brother Shepherd, the lay delegate, a Scotch ex-member of Parliament, and another very intelligent, well-traveled Scotchman, and I sit next the captain of the ship.

We discuss matters while eating, and hardly ever leave the table for from a half an hour to an hour after we are through eating. We talk navigation, science, politics, religion, etc., often interspersing our talks with jokes and anecdotes. My California experiences always secure me a respectful and interested hearing.

INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE.

The monotony of ocean travel can be appreciated only by one shut up in a ship with not a speck of land, or bird, or fish, or ship visible for days. I was disappointed in the fact that we saw so few ships, and as to animal life, we saw a few porpoises, a few

flying-fish, and now and then a stormy petrel,—that was all. But the passengers made it lively on board. We had several very fine musicians with us, and day and night the piano was going. We had quartets, solos, and choruses, and much of the singing and instrumental music was of a high order.

One night the captain had a nice cake baked,—placed in it a ring, a thimble, and a penny,—and we had, I suppose, a regular "cake-walk." As I never saw one before, I am not a judge of its regularity. It was very funny, and afforded much amusement.

On Sunday everything took on a Sunday air. All sports and games were avoided. At 10:30, the captain, as on the previous Sabbath, read the Episcopal service, and the most respectful and reverent attention was observed by all. In the evening I was selected to preach. Drs. Giffin and Stafford assisted in the preliminary service. The young people led in the service of song. One of the young men, who was a very fine musician, composed an anthem on the Lord's Prayer, especially for the occasion. It was sung with spirit, and I thought it very beautiful. I have the promise of a copy.

The ship was rolling as much as at any time during the voyage, and I maneuvered around considerably during the delivery of my sermon. All understood why I staggered around so, and gave me the most marked attention. I tried to drop some seed for my Master, and did not preach merely to entertain the company or pass away the time. I felt that I had a message, and I delivered it in the name of my Lord.

I told them that the evening before they had gotten up their entertainment just for enjoyment, but now we had met for a different purpose,—met to talk about our eternal interests. I think the service was not without profit. A number came to me afterward, not only to thank me for the sermon, but to tell me how much good it had done them.

Monday night the young people got up a "breach of promise" case, and organizing a court, they took up the whole evening in trying it. The jury was composed of both men and women, and the court and lawyers, in addressing, had to abandon the stereotyped form of "gentlemen of the jury," and had to say "ladies and gentlemen of the jury." The verdict was for the plaintiff, giving her the sum of "three cents, annually, for ninety-nine years, and one day over."

The last evening on board was spent in auctioning off some sketches made on the voyage,—for we had two very fine artists on board, who expect to make their fortunes on the Continent by selling their pictures,—and in recitations, anecdotes, and song. I told them my celebrated Yosemite bear story, whose relation is so blood-curdling, and whose *dénouement* is so gratifying. The money realized from the sale of the pictures is to go for the benefit of the widows and orphans of sailors. It amounted to "three pounds one and sixpence,"—we use English money over here.

From the time we entered the channel to landing at the dock, we saw no more of the captain. Grave responsibilities rested on him, and he was upon the bridge day and night, even taking his meals there.

What a lesson we ministers of Jesus Christ could learn from this. We have a responsibility graver than his committed to our hands. The very lives, not for time, but for eternity, of our people are in our keeping, and there is danger of wreck, even at the entrance of the harbor. We reached our dock in a few hours over eleven days.

On landing at London, Dr. Giffin, who had visited it a number of times before, and was familiar with the city, was of great assistance to me. We came to the Hotel Russell, a very nice place, where we will remain until the opening of the Conference, when homes will be assigned us.

CHAPTER II.

London — Bunhill Field Cemetery — St. Helen's Church — St. Paul's Cathedral — First Sunday in London — Sermons by F. B. Myer and Canon H. S. Holland — Hungry Experience — British Museum — Rosetta and Moabite Stones — Writing on Clay — Objects from Assyria and Nineveh — Mummies — London Tower — Ecumenical Conference — Other Things in London — Westminster Abbey — Parliament House — St. John's Square Methodist Church.

LONDON.

One day has passed, — a day so crowded with new sights of the old, that I hardly know what to say or how to say it.

Our ship landed us on the banks of the Thames River, far below the city, and we took a train with cars with compartments, and doors along the side. The seats extended the full width of the car, one facing the other, so that, if the section were full, half the passengers would have to ride backwards.

As we entered the city we came to long rows of houses built just alike, made of brick, and covered either with tile or slate. Look which way you will, and you never see a straight street. As it is in the suburbs, so is it in the heart of the city, only more so. And wherever a bend in the street comes, there usually comes another name for it. Sometimes you come to a point where five or six streets come together. This is called a "circus." I had a letter of introduction to a firm in Ludgate Circus. Then many of these fractions of streets are called roads, as City Road. I suppose they have never been changed since they were accidentally formed and named by the Romans in the days of the Cæsars. They were roads then running through the country, or through the village. A tree was pointed out to me, right in the heart of the city, that some old lord had incorporated in the deed that it is never to be removed so long as it lives. Were a house built where it stands, it would rent for over one thousand dollars a year, and yet, there it stands and grows, and from the looks of it, it will outlive many a generation yet. Were it in San Francisco

or New York, I think its days would soon be numbered, either by some process of law or some act of lawlessness.

The streets are narrow, as well as crooked; and how the business of so great a city is conducted is a marvel. These streets are wonderfully smooth. They seem to be made of a combination of cement and asphaltum.

They have few street-cars, but instead have two-story buses—multiplied thousands of them. They drive up to the sidewalk, and you enter, go into the inside, or by a winding stair climb to the top, which will hold perhaps twenty or twenty-five persons. You can form an idea of the smoothness of the streets when I tell you that yesterday a very large and fleshy lady, weighing much more than two hundred, if I am a good judge of size and weight, climbed up to the top, just ahead of me, and comfortably filled a seat intended for two. From the top of the bus you have a fine point of observation,—can see all the houses, and the thousands of vehicles that fill the streets. All the buses, carriages, wagons, etc., have to keep to the left, instead of the right, as with us.

I was under the shadow of the celebrated Bow Church, but did not have time to go in it. I heard its chime of bells. It is said that every child born within sound of its bells is a true Cockney. They are born in London proper; none others.

Among the first things I did was to report my arrival at City Road Chapel, to John Bond, secretary. I was most cordially received, and given all necessary information. While in that part of the city, we stepped across the street and into the cemetery, where lie the remains of Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles Wesley. I reverently took off my hat as I stood above the dust of this woman, greater than if she were the mother of kings and emperors; for it was her methodical hand and practical mind that trained the greatest reformer and leader in ecclesiastical history,—a man, the influence of whose teachings has exposed errors in theology hoary with age, intrenched within what was regarded as impenetrable walls and defended by the combined churches of the world,—a man, the influence of whose teachings has leavened all doctrines of Christendom. Not only this, but she was the mother of a son who took the doctrines taught by his illustrious brother and wove them into poetry and song, that they might be fixed in the minds and hearts of the masses forever.

A plain, moldering, crumbling slab of white marble, not distinguished from the hundreds that stand about it, marks the grave in which she lies. As I stood and deciphered the moss-covered inscription that tells who and what she was, I felt that here in this silent city of the dead was not the place to look for her memorial, or to read of her virtues and her fame, but every one of the holy lives of the multiplied millions of Methodists of the world turned a ray of light on her tomb and made it glow with undimmed splendor. This is one of the most wonderful cemeteries in London. During the great London plague, that marks one of the most appalling chapters in the history of any city, one hundred thousand victims of that plague were dumped into this Central graveyard. Above these masses of the dead, the present cemetery stands.

Here rest the remains of Daniel De Foe, the author of that book of books for boys, "Robinson Crusoe." Who has not read it, and been charmed by the graphic descriptions of the lonely shipwrecked sailor and his man Friday? His tomb tells us he was born in 1661 and that he died in 1731.

In this cemetery lie the remains of the great hymn-writer, Isaac Watts. How his hymns for children have helped the young to grasp the thoughts of God, and give expression to feelings of devotion! As I laid my hand on the stone that covers his lifeless clay, I felt that his hymns would long outlast the marble that loving hands had placed above him.

Not far from Mrs. Wesley's grave is that of John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrims' Progress." He died in his sixtieth year. His tomb is somewhat peculiar. It is of marble; on the top is chiseled a prone figure to represent the dreamer; on one side, in bas-relief, is the pilgrim, with his burden on his back, at the open grave, where he lost his burden forever. On the other side we find him at the cross.

Here, also, is the grave of Richard Cromwell, a son of Oliver Cromwell, the latter one of the most noted men in English history. I had pointed out to me a small park, where tradition tells that the body of Oliver Cromwell is buried; though this is disputed, as almost all traditions are.

I could not but copy the unique inscription plainly chiseled on an old tomb. On one side is the following: —

"Here lyes Dame Mary Page, relict of Sir Gregory Page, Bar't. She departed this life March 11, 1738, in the 56th year of her age."

On the opposite side is this:—

"In 67 months she was tap't 66 times. Had taken away 240 gallons of water without ever repining at her case, or even fearing the opperation."

She had a watery life, if she did n't have a watery grave.

If I should have the time to go through this cemetery again, I may find other things to write about.

I went into Crosby Hall, built in the time of Richard III, in 1466. Of course, it is not as it was when first built. It stands upon the same ground, and a few fragments of the old hall have been worked into the modernized structure.

Rev. Dr. C. M. Giffin of Scranton, Pennsylvania, who crossed the ocean with me, has been a great help to me in more ways than I can tell. He is familiar with London and London ways, and steers me clear in many a channel, and can point out almost everything of interest. He took me through the Bank of England, not one of, but *the greatest* monetary institution in the world. It occupies a plain solid-looking building in the business heart of London. There is not a window opening to the outside world. Where there are window-frames, they are closed with solid masonry. The inside is illuminated by skylights. There is no bustle and noise among the officers and attachés of the bank, but everything moves like clockwork.

The first church I visited was St. Helen's, in Bishopsgate, the next oldest church in London. The walls are built in Scotch style, of rough stones and dark mortar, but they are built to last. This church was founded in 1216. It was then a Roman Catholic church with a monastery attached. It has been largely rebuilt and restored. It is now a high church. The ceiling is in the oldest style of architecture. It has two aisles separated by arches. In one corner of the building is a little chapel, where any one, during the day, can go and pray and meditate. I found several in there thus engaged. The floor is a very graveyard. You walk over the dead at every step. Stones with the name and epitaph of the dead are let in, and form part of the floor. Some of the tombs are like great monuments, rising several feet from the floor.

Upon these, chiseled in marble, lie the life-size figures of a man clad in mail and a woman by his side. In one place in the wall, as high as a man's head, lie the figure of a man clad in full armor, as a knight, with his sword by his side, and by him the figure of his wife. At their feet stands a small woman with clasped hands before an open book. She has wide hoop-skirts, swelling out laterally from the waist, with a frill all around the top of the skirt, as if she were set in a bell-shaped tub. The inscription is in old Latin.

One is "To the memory of John Bathurst Dean, M. A., First Rector of the United Parishes of St. Martin, Ontwich, with St. Helen, 1873 to 1887; born 1797, died 1887."

As Dr. Giffin and I wandered around the streets we saw a crowd gathered about an old church door, and, joining them, we saw a bridal party coming out. The bride was dressed in cream-colored satin, with a trail about two yards long, and a little boy and girl, richly dressed, but with stockings barely peeping out of their shoe-tops, exposing their bare legs, carrying this immense trail. All the party had Jewish faces, and I was told that very many Jews attach themselves to the Church of England.

On Holborn Street stands the only building built in the Elizabethan period, and in the style of architecture of that time. It stands on a very populous street, and looks almost ready to fall; but the Londoners loath to see this last relic of the past taken away. Old things are treasured, but old things must yield to the inevitable.

Yesterday I visited St. Paul's Cathedral, the grandest structure in London. In all these letters I am trying to "fight shy" of the guide-books, and tell you of things as I see them; but for certain facts it is necessary for me to refer to the book. We are told that this is the third church erected on this site bearing this name. The first was built in 610. It was burned in 1087, lasting a period of 477 years. Soon after its destruction it was rebuilt on a grander scale. This second building lasted till the great fire in 1666, when it went down in the general wreck. For eight years it lay in ruins. The corner-stone of the present building was laid by the Masonic Fraternity, June 21, 1675. The mallet and trowel used on that occasion are still preserved in one of the lodges. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of this building.

As I stood under the great dome and looked in every direction, trying to take in the details of this massive structure, I could not but ask myself the question, How was it possible for any one mind to conceive all this before one stone was laid upon another? But here it stands, 370 feet to the top of the cross. Its length is 550 feet, and its width, 125 feet. It is in the form of a Latin cross. Look which way you will, the proportions are perfect. There is harmony, and yet variety. I slowly wandered all over it, wondering, wondering, at its massiveness and its details. The whole struck me as a church built with a Catholic ideal. There is an immense altar of white marble most beautifully carved and in perfect harmony of proportions, while before it stand wax candles four or five feet long, six inches in circumference, mounted upon candlesticks twenty feet high. There are other candles of smaller dimensions, ranged round about the altar. I noticed some of these burning during service. The stained-glass windows are of exquisite beauty, all representing Scripture subjects. Statues are in niches in the walls on every hand, and all are of superior workmanship. I could write page after page, and not exhaust the subject.

Since writing my last I have passed a Sabbath, and my experience has been unique.

I rent a room in the Hotel Russell, and take my meals at restaurants as I want them, and on Sunday as I can *get* them.

I knew nothing of the customs here on the Sabbath. On Sunday morning, Dr. Giffin and I started out about nine o'clock to get our breakfast. The Doctor said, "I have my doubts about our getting anything, for everything is closed up on Sunday until after service." We tramped through street after street. Not an eating-house was open. At last the Doctor said, "Maybe we can get a bite at the restaurant at the railroad station." We went there, and at the door was an officer to see that none but hungry travelers should pass in. We told him we were Americans, just in the country, and without more ado we pushed by him, and all that we could get was a small loaf of bread with butter, and a cup of tea for the Doctor and a glass of milk for me. In the strength of this morsel of bread and glass of milk I had to go all day.

We went to Christ Church to hear F. B. Myer preach. On our way we met three of our preachers that had just landed, — Brother

Nelms of Texas, and Brothers Johnson and Thomas of Arkansas. They joined our company. As we passed Spurgeon's Tabernacle we stepped in to see it. It has two galleries all round the church, one above the other. The pulpit is on a level with the lower gallery.

They read and sung the Episcopal service at Dr. Myer's church, although it is a Congregational church. He gave us a most excellent sermon, remarkable for its simplicity and earnestness. He insisted on genuine conversion, or change of heart.

After a half-hour's rest we went to a three-o'clock service at St. Paul's. As we approached the Cathedral the bells were chiming most musically, and they kept it up for twenty minutes. By the hour for service, that mighty building was full. The seats are rude rush-bottom chairs of the plainest sort, fastened together in long rows. While the vast body of the congregation was English, I saw Hindoos, Chinese, and negroes. The service was very elaborate, the ritual alone consuming an hour. They had a choir composed mainly of boys dressed in white robes with black velvet collars. There were some men and some women in the choir. I had no means of estimating the number, but there were more than a hundred, and the organ was superior to any one I ever heard. Sometimes the heavier bass notes sounded like thunder, and fairly made the building tremble. The echo, or rather echoes, of the building are marvelous. Every note is repeated from all parts of the building. Every arch seems to fling back its own echo, and when the preacher raised his voice, which he often did, the echoes were almost confusing. Canon H. S. Holland was the preacher on this occasion. While he evidently had his manuscript before him, he but seldom looked at it. He preached with great unction and power, and so powerful was his voice that I have no doubt every one in that vast audience heard him distinctly.

He was preaching on faith, taking for his text the withering of the barren fig tree. He showed what evils could be removed by faith, and, among other things, spoke of the Boer war, greatly deprecated it, and said it ought to be stopped. I was hardly prepared for such an expression of sentiment in such high places. Dr. Myer in the morning prayed for the removal of this terrible war. I find the British here at home are greatly divided on this question.

After the service, feeling quite hungry, I went confidently for a restaurant; but they were all still closed. What was I to do? That glass of milk and one little piece of bread could hardly comfort me till nine o'clock next day,— the earliest hour at which one can get breakfast at a restaurant. You remember God sent the ravens to feed Elijah. Could I expect such deliverance? I accosted a man on the street and asked, "Are there no restaurants open?" Just as he said, "Not one," I felt a tap on the shoulder, and turning round, Mr. Waters, a young ship acquaintance, said, "Doctor, are you looking for a restaurant? They are all closed. Come, go with me to my hotel and take supper with me." The raven had come, and I got my supper. I took my young friend with me to a Methodist church that night. There we met Bishop Galloway, who, I found after service, was as hungry as I had been a little while before. You see, our entertainment does not begin until the day before the Conference opens; hence we have to take care of ourselves, which we found to be a hard thing to do on Sunday.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

I spent four hours slowly wandering among the wonders and treasures of this place. It is too much to attempt to describe. It is a very treasure-house of wonders and curiosities. When I entered the archæological departments I was enchained, and spent so much of my time there that I had but little left for other things and other departments.

The archæological wealth of the buried cities of the East is gathered and treasured here. I felt assured that I was looking upon things that Jonah saw in Nineveh; that Daniel saw in Babylon; that Jacob and Joseph saw in Egypt. Covered over for thousands of years, they were kept undisturbed until God's good time arrived for their unearthing; and now this mightiest and wealthiest of empires has laid them up and labeled them for the pleasure and profit of His people. Here are things that set the seal of truth upon Scripture revelation and history. Every fact speaks for God and his truth. These revelations have given a voice to stones and clay, that should make glad the heart of Christendom. While unbelievers carp and quibble, God reigns; and when the time comes, he will overthrow all his enemies with

the breath of his mouth. First in importance and chief in interest came the Rosetta Stone. This stone was dug up from the ruins of an old fort near one of the mouths of the Nile—the Rosetta mouth—hence the name—in 1799. It was placed in the British Museum, where I saw it in 1901. Portions of it are broken off, but enough remains to form the key with which to unlock the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The stone is what is known as basalt, just such stone as our paving-blocks are made of. The lettering is very distinct, and is beautifully done. The man who chiseled it was evidently a writer for the king, and was one of the best. While the document is the same, yet the inscription is in three distinct writings, the top being in Egyptian hieroglyphics, the style of the priests; the second is in the domestic, or writing of the people; and the last is in Greek. From the proper names and their position in the several inscriptions it was found that the subject-matter in all three was the same. Not only so, but these proper names unlocked the mystery and the meaning of the hieroglyphics. Since then men learned in the art can read either the hieroglyphics or the writing of the common people. I could but feel a thrill of pleasurable excitement as I stood and gazed upon this stone, that had lain in the British Museum for one hundred years and in the sands of the Nile many hundreds of years, and now linking the languages of the past with the present, singing the cradle-song of literature and with the same voice sounding the highest notes of victory for the God of all.

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets," is now confirming his declarations to us by unearthing these treasures of the dust. Thousands of discoveries have been made, and while hundreds of them have confirmed the truth of Scriptures, not one iota has been against them. It was worth my trip to London to see this wonderful stone. In another part of the building I saw a cast of the Moabite Stone. The original is in France. This stone was found in the land of Moab in 1868. It was made about 890 years before Christ, and records the victory of the Moabites over Ahab, king of Israel.

The trouble I find in writing of this Museum is, that there is so much, that I hardly know what to select; but I was impressed with the vast number of inscriptions on cylinders, tablets, bricks,

and other forms of clay. It is remarkable a material should be selected, that, while abundant, was indestructible by the elements. Think of writing on any material now used — paper, parchment, or even metal itself — lying buried in soil soaked with the rains of thousands of years, that may be subject to fires, as well as floods, and coming out as clear and distinct as when first written. Clay, when prepared and burned, becomes this indestructible material. It becomes fixed. It can no more be reduced either by fire, air, or water to its original soft and pliant state. These people of olden time were not slow to discover this fact; and while at first they may have selected this material to make immortal the deeds of their kings and great men, the common people could use it on all other occasions and for all other purposes. Kings, in building, had inscribed the fact of their reign on all the bricks used in their buildings; and here are great numbers of these bricks with the stamps of kings who reigned from three thousand to four thousand years ago.

Sometimes the most ingenious shapes were given to these clay records. They even made envelopes of clay, in which to send messages and letters. I saw great numbers of these, some of them about the size and shape of a lady's portemonnaie, and the letter inclosed just the shape of the little cocoanut cakes we buy in the shops. I suppose things were not done in such a rush as nowadays. Think of a young man, when desiring to communicate with his beloved, mixing a lot of clay, writing his messages on it, taking another batch, inscribing her name and address, laying them out in the sun to dry, then putting them in a kiln to bake before sending! I saw deeds conveying lands, and records concerning the sale of sheep and cows.

Then there were tablets ten by three inches, half an inch thick, with a list of wearing-apparel, etc., with a number of small holes after each article. I suppose the careful housewife, when she sent out her washing, stuck little sticks or pins in these holes to keep a record of how many of each article were sent out.

But one thing interested me very much, and that was part of a baked-clay cylinder inscribed in Babylonian characters, giving an account of the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, B. C. 539.

Then there were several of these cylinders ten inches long, made in the exact shape of a keg, with the hoops, four in number, rep-

resented in the clay. These were written all over, except the hoops. There were also slabs of clay about the size and shape of a common slate, covered with inscriptions.

I could have spent days, instead of hours, looking over these archæological records of the long ago. I have much more to say concerning the things seen, if I can find the time.

BRITISH MUSEUM. — (Continued.)

A very interesting figure is that of an Assyrian winged man-headed lion of great size. It once stood at the door of the palace of the king of Assyria. There was also a winged man-headed bull of the same dimensions, taken from the same ruins.

Among other things is a column perhaps twenty feet high and three feet in diameter, carved all over with hieroglyphics, brought from Egypt. It records the name and tells the deeds of Rameses II, B. C. 1330.

In the same vicinity is a sarcophagus of wood, another of stone, and another of metal, the one of stone being of immense size, and all in a fine state of preservation.

There is a life-size statue of wood, representing an unknown king, taken from the tomb of the kings at Thebes, B. C. 1350. The arms, nose, and much of the face are gone, but the feet and legs are perfect, and are as natural and shapely as can be. I noticed a good-sized knot in the wood, that showed plainly on one hip. It is wonderful that wood should endure for over three thousand years, but here it is, and the inscription verifies the fact.

Among other curiosities from the palaces of Nimrod are a lot of diminutive bells, an old reap-hook very much the shape of the reap-hooks of our day, and a strainer with a handle to it. So in the mighty hunter's day, they had their little call-bells, and the good housewife employed a strainer, if not as artistic, yet as useful as ours.

There were innumerable little burnt-clay tablets not longer than one's finger, containing prayers, hymns, and even texts. These came from Babylon and Nineveh. No doubt but the captive Israelites planted these seeds from God's Word, and these verses from their songs among those that held them in bondage.

The mummy-hall is a place of much interest. The Scriptures speak of the Egyptians embalming the dead, and here is a confirmation of that fact. I walked among the bodies of men and women who had been dead for thousands of years, some still securely wrapped in cloths woven before Moses was born.

These old Egyptians had selected the material above all other that would last; for these cerements of the grave having been steeped in some resinous substance would make them lasting. But what of it all? Little did these kings, queens, and princes think, before they died, that, after ages, their bodies would be dragged from their resting-places, transported over land and sea, to be exposed and gazed upon by crowds of the curious from every nation under heaven.

Some of the bodies had been unwrapped and the dried flesh exposed; others, again, had been stripped even of the flesh, and the white bones laid bare. I examined the teeth of a number; some had missing molars, some teeth were decayed, some were regular and even, while others were what we call "snaggle-teeth." In one instance the front teeth were filled with little round plugs of gold, not to fill cavities, as with us, but cavities were evidently made and filled for ornamental purposes, so that when a fellow grinned, he would show his gold.

But there were not only mummies of men and women, but these old Egyptians embalmed their sacred bulls, cats, and crocodiles. I saw several of these animals, before whom these people, enlightened in the arts and sciences, bowed down and worshiped. What a confirmation of the Scriptures. "Men became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things."

The man that turns away from God's Word is sure to fall into gross error, whether that error be the worship of birds, beasts, creeping things, or spiritism, Christian science,—falsely so called, —theosophy, or the scores of other things condemned in the wisest Book the world has ever seen or ever will see.

As I looked at this dried beef, these swathed tom-cats, and this hideous crocodile, I wondered how it was possible that a people who chiseled the solid mountain into a Sphinx, reared the Pyra-

mids with astronomic accuracy, and possessed a literature at that time unparalleled in the world's history, could be guilty of the folly of reckoning these things as their gods. But this and all other similar questions are only solved in the history of man's fall, as only recorded in the Book of books.

These old bulls had long since ceased to bellow, these tom-cats to complacently lick their paws in the presence of their worshipers, and their dried carcasses are laid upon the shelf, as so many monuments of man's folly and God's wisdom.

I saw the writing material of the Egyptians, consisting of tablets, the prepared papyrus, pens of reeds, and inkstands. The tablets were of wood, and had receptacles for pens of reeds, long but small, not larger round than the tine of a table-fork. The inkstands were blocks of stone with a number of small cavities in which varied colored inks were placed for the convenience of the writer. The papyrus looked a good deal like veneering or thin-shaved wood.

When the Egyptians laid away the bodies of their dead, they wrote their name and deeds on papyrus, rolled it tightly together and sealed it with two seals, and laid it in with the dead. I saw a number of these rolls.

There is also a large display of sandals for the feet; some of straw, some of a material resembling papyrus, and some of leather. The straw and the papyrus are in a good state of preservation, but the tooth of time has dealt hardly with the leather.

A large number of unburned brick from Egypt is here. They are very much like our adobes in California. They were of different sizes; in some I could discover the straw incorporated in them. These were the kind of brick made by the children of Israel while in Egypt. And who knows but that some of these here in the British Museum were made by them?

I saw a number of clay tablets, with their envelopes of the same material, written in Babylon two thousand and two thousand three hundred years before Christ, containing deeds and other documents. I was much impressed with a number of boundary-stones, erected to mark the boundary of land eleven hundred years before Christ. The inscriptions upon them were as plain as on the day they were set up. These stones were of basalt rock, about a foot square and three feet in height. I was re-

minded of the command given to Israel, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's land-mark." This stone could be removed, if a dishonest neighbor saw proper to do so.

I have read of Nebuchadnezzar since I was a child, and somehow the length of his name ever impressed my childish imagination with the thought that he was the greatest of Eastern kings. It was my privilege to see his door-step. It is of bronze, and most beautifully carved and ornamented. It was used B. C. 604.

Some of the necklaces taken from the tombs at Nimrod resemble the wampum of the North American Indians. Others were of beautiful stones of various colors and degrees of fineness.

In the literary department I was permitted to see some of the copies of the Bible done by hand and most elaborately ornamented. The skill in the formation of the ornamental letters was marvelous. Different colors of ink were used, and while there was great variety, yet was there uniformity. It must have taken years to complete the work.

Wyclif's Bible and the Latin Vulgate attracted my attention more than any other books in this wonderful collection. The latter was written in 796–801.

I have mentioned only a few things that particularly arrested my attention, which I thought would interest you. All round the walls and everywhere are things curious and interesting.

I have not mentioned relics and curiosities from every land under the sun.

I left the Museum, feeling that I was not half-satisfied, but I could give it no more time. There were other buildings connected with the Museum, but I did not have time or opportunity to visit them.

When the Conference opened I went nowhere else.

THE TOWER.

Before leaving California I received a nice letter from Rev. H. Neate giving me some useful hints and directions. Among other things he stressed a visit to the London Tower. So I embraced the first opportunity to see this historic building.

In company with Mr. Behrens, a German of New York, and his daughter, Miss Sophia, the latter a born guide, who were fel-

low-passengers on the way over, I went through the Tower, the history of which runs back into the mists of tradition. Here, we are told, the Emperor Julius Cæsar held his court while in Britain. But there is enough of unwritten history to make this the most conspicuous object in this city of wonders. Miss Behrens had to surrender her kodak and her reticule to the custody of an officer while we went into the Tower. The first thing that arrested my attention in approaching the Tower were numbers of cross-slits in the heavy walls, from which soldiers could fire their muskets at enemies on the outside, with but little danger to themselves. Massiveness and strength marked every part of the pile. In the days in which it was built it was impregnable, but with the thirteen-inch guns of the present day, that can hurl a shell ten miles, and pierce steel armor-plates a foot thick, they could knock the whole thing into a rock-pile in a few hours.

The moat that surrounded the Tower, and that can still be flooded if necessary, is now dry, and the old drawbridge spans it unmolested. I looked with interest on the stone steps leading from the river, up which many a prisoner had climbed to go out no more. We entered heavy oaken doors that had shut out hope from many a high-born and many a royal prisoner in troublous times.

In this Tower are treasured up various implements of war from the ancient times. Here are the old match-lock guns, the first ever used with gunpowder. Then comes the flint-lock, and on and on to the guns of the present day. Back of all this is the sling, the bow and arrow, the cross-bow, the lance, the spear, the grenade, the dagger, sword, and battle-ax. Here we find the defensive armor as well, — the helmet, the breast-plate, and heavy and ingenious coats of mail; figures of knights of the olden times, mounted on horseback, both horse and rider covered with mail, seemingly heavy and unwieldy enough to weigh down horse and rider, and close enough to melt a warrior even in winter-time. Then there were instruments of torture and cruelty. I saw women shudder when they looked upon the "rack," an instrument with a heavy beam at each end, round which the ropes attached to hands and feet are wound, tearing the helpless victim in two. Then there was the thumb-screw, not so deadly, but, if possible, more cruel. There is preserved the real block on which

victims laid their necks to have their heads chopped off. The ax with which the bloody deed was done is also preserved. It is the one with which Lord Lovat was beheaded, April 1, 1747. The handle is about two feet in length, and the blade is about fifteen inches long and about ten inches wide at the cutting edge.

One of the most wonderful and elaborately carved brass cannons that I ever saw is here. It was brought from Malta in 1798. The barrel, four feet long, is most beautifully carved, while on the carriage, at the breech, are two figures carved in wood. They appear as bound to the carriage, the mouths wide open as if screaming in agony, while every feature of their faces is distorted with pain. The inevitable wood-worms have bored innumerable little holes all through these figures. Here, as elsewhere, God, through his various agencies, lays his effacing fingers on all things here below, and mocks the impotency of man.

We stood in the prison where many a royal victim had been confined. Monograms, names, letters, and sentences are chiseled in the hard rock,—done by prisoners who had naught else to do to while away the time while waiting on the will of their captors.

We were conducted into the chapel, where was pointed out the oldest organ in England. It is still in use. Lastly, we entered the jewel-room, where all the crown jewels are kept. They are inclosed in an immense glass-case, that is a room of itself. There we saw the crowns of the king and queen of the British Empire, and were permitted to gaze as long as we liked upon the sparkling gems that adorned them. Diamonds, rubies, and pearls were stuck all over them. By the side of these crowns lay the scepters of royalty, the elaborate maces, borne on state occasions by the servants of the king. Salt-urns that would hold a gallon, wine-receptacles of great size, all of solid gold, to be used at coronation banquets, and other things too numerous to mention, were laid up and guarded in this room and Tower.

As I stood and looked at these royal jewels and paraphernalia of power and dignity, I felt that perhaps, after all, I experienced as much real pleasure and satisfaction in looking at them as the owners of them did in wearing them, and I could not but think of the coronation day that awaits the faithful servant of God and Jesus Christ. We shall need no tower, no soldiers to guard our treasures. For there shall be nothing to harm or hurt us in that

Holy City. Our crowns shall be crowns of righteousness, that shall never fade away.

ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE, LONDON.

The great Ecumenical Conference of Methodism met in Wesley's old church, City Roads Chapel, according to appointment, September 4, 1901. There was quite a full delegation the first day. They had come from all parts of the world. Every continent of the globe and many islands of the sea were represented; verifying the declaration of Mr. Wesley, "The world is my parish." If he himself did not visit all parts of his parish, his followers have, bearing an open Bible, and proclaiming the grand and fundamental doctrines of our Lord Jesus Christ,—free salvat.on to all, justification by faith, and the witness of the Spirit to each and all. And here, on the very ground where he made the declaration, were gathered nearly five hundred holy men, to bring news from far and near of what God had wrought through the preaching of the blessed doctrines which he had formulated, and given as a glorious heritage to the race.

Everything about us reminded us of our great leader. A monument to his memory stands in the front yard of the church. On the right is his house, where he studied, wrote, and prayed. Many of his belongings have been preserved in this building. But nothing impressed me more profoundly than his little prayer-room,—should I not say closet? for it was not much more than eight feet square, with one little window opening to the light. As I stood alone in this little room, I was even more profoundly impressed and moved than when I stood in the chapel where he had so often stood to proclaim the freeness and fullness of the gospel of God's grace. Here was the secret place of his power; here he pleaded for his followers, and the world of mankind; here he kindled into a hotter flame that heavenly fire with which he first felt his "heart strangely warmed"; here he held audience with his Master, and sought for relief when the burdens of his own responsibilities were too great for him; here he took his cares and troubles to one who cared for him, and here, by his example, he taught his followers to pray.

I am not a worshiper of men nor of places, but while here I

could not but call up the memory of this chosen vessel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and prayed that the Saviour that guided and guarded him might ever be my guide and guard. The chapel is plain, neat, and substantial. The gallery around three sides of the room is borne up by seven massive pillars of high-polished, variegated French marble of reddish color. At the base of each of these pillars is a plate on which is inscribed the section of the church that it represents. One is for the Methodist Episcopal Church North, one the Methodist Episcopal Church South, one the Irish Church, one the Canadian Church, one the Australian Church, one the South African Church, and one the East Indian Church. Around the entire gallery, only a foot or two apart, is represented a serpent forming a circle by bringing its head and tail together, and in this circle a white dove with an olive leaf in its mouth, emblematic of the "wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove." There are beautiful stained-glass windows just back of the pulpit, and on each side of it tablets and inscriptions abound. In the yard, just back of the church, is the grave of John Wesley, and by his side rests the body of Methodism's greatest commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke.

I doubt if Methodism has ever produced so learned a man as Adam Clarke. His tomb is a modest one. The inscription upon it is nearly effaced. Mr. Wesley's monument is a more recent one, and is in a fine state of preservation.

The Conference opened with a sermon by our own Bishop Galloway. The editor of the *Methodist Recorder* said of it, that it was worth all that the Conference had cost. It was plain and practical, and was delivered with the grace and ease of manner for which he as a speaker is remarkable. I thought he was somewhat hampered by being in the little round pulpit, elevated nearly on a level with the gallery. All the members of the Conference partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. At the afternoon session the roll was called, disclosing the fact that the great majority of the Conference was present on this first day of its session.

The programme was all arranged by the Business Committee, and every man knew his place and his duty.

At both the morning and afternoon sessions, an essay is read, and two other men, selected by the Business Committee, give a

SOUTHERN METHODIST DELEGATES TO THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE AT THE TOMB OF JOHN WESLEY.

talk of ten minutes each upon some topic kindred to the essay, and the rest of the session is given to whoever might gain the floor for a five-minutes' speech. The opportunity for these five-minutes' speeches revealed the fact that we are a body of speakers. Three and four would spring to their feet at the fall of the gavel, that stopped the man on the floor, shouting, "Mr. President," and this shouting would continue until one of them was recognized, when the rest would subside until the gavel shut off the wind of the last recognized.

One afternoon our English brethren got into a discussion over the Boer war. There is a large party opposed to the war, who are very outspoken. We Americans sat off and enjoyed the contest.

The news of the attempted assassination of President McKinley stirred our British brethren most profoundly, and their resolutions and speeches showed their deep love for the United States and their interest in us.

Some very fine speeches were made, both by Englishmen and Americans.

OTHER THINGS IN LONDON.

There are a few other things about London that I desire to mention. Among them is a piece of American enterprise.

The English had built an underground railway. The trains were drawn by a steam-locomotive. I went through it once. It is a smoky, dusty, "stuffy" sort of a place. But a company of Americans have built what is known among the English as the "tup'ny tube,"—that, is twopenny tube, as twopence, or four cents in our currency, is the fare, whether you go one station or the whole length of the tube. It is built deep underground, and is lined with porcelain bricks. The whole is lighted and run by electricity; hence there is no smoke or dust. The cars are constructed much after the American pattern. I had to go through this tube twice a day in going to and from the Conference. It was always crowded,—in a word, it is the most popular line in London.

One can hardly have seen London until he has visited Westminster Abbey. It is a renowned and wonderful building,—its history most prominent and important, running back into the

centuries. It holds the dust of kings and queens of the most illustrious line, and while no royal body has been laid within its walls for several hundred years, yet tablets erected to the memory of names from other walks in life have been added to the list.

We are so accustomed to the use of the adjective "lofty," that when we speak of the lofty arches of the Abbey we feel sure you will fall short in your estimate of them. Nothing in the building impressed me more than they. I have never seen anything approximating them. Even St. Paul's, in its grandeur and massiveness, hardly approaches it. The marble statues and figures that stand in great profusion on every side are of the same colossal mold.

I saw the coronation chair. It is a regular heirloom of the kingdom. About the only things to commend it are its age and the fact that all the kings and queens of England have been crowned in it. I think if the man who made it had known that it was to survive the ages, and occupy so honorable a position, he would have modeled it after a different pattern and laid upon it more lines of beauty. As it is, it is a square-box affair, with a moderately high straight back, coming to a point at the top. Under it is a great stone perhaps two feet long and ten inches thick. I could not see the width. It was brought from Scotland. The Scotch kings and queens used to sit upon it to be crowned, and now every potentate of England, when crowned, must sit upon this stone.

There is one piece of sculpture said to be the finest in the Abbey. It is of white marble, representing some duke, with his wife dying in his arms, terrified at the approach of Death, which is symbolized as a skeleton wrapped in a white sheet. The expression upon the duke's face is one of indescribable terror as Death approaches with eyeless sockets, grinning teeth, and fleshless arms.

From Westminster Abbey I went to the Parliament House. It is a stupendous building, worthy of so great a nation. Altogether, the seats in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons were not so fine, artistic, or convenient as I expected to see. They were simply long benches; some of them faced the presiding officer, but the majority of them were placed on

each side, with their ends to the President. It struck me as an awkward arrangement.

All the seats or benches in the House of Lords were covered with crimson morocco, while those in the House of Commons were in black. I went into all the rooms to which visitors are allowed.

On Sunday, September 8th, I was appointed to preach at St. John's Square Methodist Church. In going to the church I had to pass St. John's Gate. This is an arch of stone, spanning the street, said to have been placed there by Julius Cæsar when he was in Britain. Near it is Smithfield, where John Rogers was burned at the stake in 1555, his wife and nine children witnessing the awful sight, the youngest of the children being still at the breast. Two others, John Bradford and John Philpot, in 1556 and 1557, consecutively, were burned on the same spot. A feeling of awe came over me as I read the record of the martyrdom of these faithful servants of God, who "loved not their lives unto death."

The Wesleyan Methodists are doing a wonderful work among the poor of London. They have almost the entire Church organized for work, and they work. But they complain that they are not getting hold of the better classes, as they desire. I think I see why it is; they have made the work for the poor a hobby, and in their zeal for the one class, they have neglected the other. This ought they to have done, and not leave the other undone. The invariable result of stressing any one thing too much is to lose at other and vital points. Jesus announced the fact "that the poor have the gospel preached to them," but he did not confine his labors to them. Had he done so, the wife of Chuza, and others of means, would not have ministered of their substance unto him. At his death his body would have gone into the grave with the wicked, that had been prepared for him, had not one of his rich friends, Joseph of Arimathea, come to the rescue; for the literal translation of Isaiah liii, 9, "And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death," is, "They prepared his grave with the wicked, but he was with the rich in his death."

I repeat and emphasize the fact, that it is fatal to any cause to stress any one point too much, or cultivate any one part of the field to the neglect of another.

CHAPTER III.

Leaving London — Paris — Rome — Names of the Party — Column of Marcus Aurelius — Pantheon — St. Peter's — Pope's Treasures — Pope's Carriages — Codex Vatican — Picture of the Judgment, by Michael Angelo — Making Saints — Ostian Way — St. Paul's Church — Column of Trajan — The Colosseum — Triumphal Arches — Ruins of Basilica and Temples — St. John's Church — Scala Sancta — Water-supply — Tasso.

LEAVING LONDON.

I did desire and intend to remain in London to the close of the Conference, for this was my objective point; but I had contemplated a trip to Rome, Palestine, and Egypt. I learned that J. R. Pepper, of Memphis, Tennessee, with his family, was going the very route I had laid out in mind. I determined to go with him, although this necessitated my leaving London on Monday morning, September 9th.

The English Channel was on its best behavior, and we crossed it in an hour and a half. After crossing over, our conversation had to be confined to our own little company, for I knew not a word of French, and everybody else, of course, confined himself to that tongue.

We reached Paris just at night; it was raining. We had to drive from one side of the city to the other to get our train for Rome. The whole city, as well as the stores, was ablaze with electric lights. The electric cars that we passed in the streets were two stories high, and seats on the top besides. I was struck with one thing that I saw also in Rome. All around the hotels, on the sidewalks, were little tables and chairs, where the people sit, especially in the evening, to drink wine and beer, and discuss whatever topics that may interest them. I could but ask, What becomes of the homes of such a people?

As we had several hours in Paris, we took supper at a restaurant. At the close of the meal we called for some fruit; they brought us a tray with eight nice peaches artistically arranged

in a nest of grape leaves. We asked the price, and were told "one franc" (twenty cents in our currency). We were astonished at the cheapness, and took the lot. There were five in our company, and we took one apiece, divided two, and gave Sister Pepper the whole one. If we had n't eaten so heartily of other things, I think we would have ordered another lot. When we came to settle our bill, we found they were one franc apiece instead of one franc for the lot. We joked Sister Pepper for having eaten forty cents' worth of peaches after a hearty supper, and wondered what she would dream about.

The next morning we woke among the Alps, and on looking out, the first thing I saw was a beautiful lake lying like molten silver among the mountains. The scenery was grand. Great rugged mountains towered on each side of the road, while our train glided along a narrow valley that lay on each side of a fretted stream, hastening from its home in the heights to quieter scenes in the lands below. I was struck with the great number of chestnut trees loaded with burrs, that made me think of my boyhood days, when I used to rise early to pick up the chestnuts that might have fallen during the night, and to get ahead of the hogs, that were as fond of them as I. I would not take time to put on my shoes, and in my eagerness would often step on a burr. I actually felt the sensation of having a half-hundred prickles in the bottom of my foot.

It seemed that every available foot of ground was under cultivation, and little patches could be seen away up the mountain side, where these poor peasants were coaxing the soil to give them a living. I was struck with the appearance of poverty on all sides. How the people in the mountains ever make a living is a mystery to me.

In the evening I caught my first sight of the Mediterranean, at Genoa, where Christopher Columbus was born. It is quite a place, and the large number of ships seen in the bay gave signs of life and prosperity.

We passed Pisa at night, and did not catch sight of the celebrated "leaning tower."

At Turin I was struck with the beauty of the place, but especially with the elegant residences, that stand high up the hillsides. It must be something of a task to climb to these homes.

And if their owners have business in the city below them, it must take much of their time going to and from their places of business,—at least, it gives them plenty of exercise.

All along through France and Italy, I saw women working in the fields,—in fact, doing whatever labor men do. They have a hard lot. Brother Pepper tells me that in some places they work as section-hands on the railroads.

One fact I noticed all the way through the Continent, whether in the fertile valleys or among the mountains: they have the best country roads I ever saw. They are as smooth as the streets of a city. I saw a number of yokes of oxen hitched to wagons. The tongue of the wagon, instead of ending at the yoke, as with us, is turned up in a curve three or four feet high,—for what purpose I could not divine.

ROME.

We reached Rome about 7:30, A. M., September 11th. Every one here calls it Ro-ma, dividing the word into two syllables. We were conducted to Hôtel de Angleterre, where we met Miss Elizabeth Redford, daughter of the late Rev. A. H. Redford, once agent of our publishing house in Nashville, Tennessee, who has charge of our party. This will make her fourth trip to the Orient. She has had charge of other parties, is very enthusiastic, and thoroughly understands the business. From all that I have seen, we have a most agreeable party, consisting of Miss Elizabeth Redford, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pepper, Miss Mary Pepper, and Master Sam Pepper, of Memphis, Tennessee; Mrs. F. E. Bates, of Kansas City, Missouri; Miss Anna H. Scales, of Nashville, Tennessee; Miss Celeste Harrison, of Mississippi; Miss Sue Luck, of Tennessee; Miss Goldie A. Rice, and Miss Cottie M. Rice, of Louisville, Kentucky; Miss Bessie Clark, of Jackson, Mississippi; Mr. William Magness, of McMinnville, Tennessee; and Mr. Edgar Magness, of Attalla, Alabama. Our interpreter and conductor was Mr. A. P. Albina, a native of Jerusalem; but, while in Italy we had an Italian guide. I had not been with the party an hour until I felt perfectly at home among them,—though a "stranger, they took me in," with a cordiality and kindness that was refreshing.

Just as soon as we removed some of the dust and grime of travel, and got our breakfast,—by the way, a breakfast in Rome, and everywhere else in this country, consists merely of cold bread and saltless butter, and whatever one wants to drink,—we took carriages and went out sight-seeing.

Miss Redford understands that the object of our coming is to see; and she planned accordingly. We were to see as much of Rome as possible during our few days' stay here. She had secured the best guide to be had,—an Italian born and raised in Rome,—a sculptor, whose father before him was of the same craft. He is an enthusiast, and delights to show us the wonders of his native city and to explain them to us. He is a perfect gentleman, a Roman Catholic, and has access to many places denied to other guides. He speaks English very well. His name is Del Seniore.

The first object of interest shown us was the Column of Marcus Aurelius, erected 161–180 A. D. It is covered all over with bas-relief figures representing his victories over the Germans. It is of great size, and towers to a height of 137½ feet. The whole is crowned with a statue of St. Paul.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any other to say that when the Church of Rome got into power the effort was made to destroy everything that was pagan. Nothing was too beautiful, nothing too valuable, nothing too sacred, to stand before their ruthless superstitious fanaticism. Temples the most ancient, statues the most beautiful, went down in ruin under their hands, until some of the wiser popes, to save some of the finest works of art, and the more renowned and beautiful buildings, consecrated them by making shrines and churches of them. This wonderful column was preserved by placing the statue of St. Paul upon it. We next went to the Pantheon. This is considered the most splendid monument of antiquity. And splendid as it is, it was robbed of very much of its wealth of ornament before the Church laid its hand upon it and consecrated it to Christ. It was built by Agrippa, son-in-law to Augustus Cæsar, 27 B. C. It is a perfect dome, and perhaps the largest dome in the world. Its diameter is 132 feet, and it measures the same in height. You may imagine what immense walls are necessary to support such a dome. I had no means of measuring the thickness of these walls, but they must be ten feet, or even more.

The building is lighted only by a circular opening at the top, twenty-eight feet in diameter, but from the floor it looks not more than ten feet. There are sixteen columns of Oriental granite in front, made of single blocks crowned with beautiful capitals. I estimated these columns at six feet in diameter at the base. The doors are original, and are fourteen inches in thickness and twenty feet in height. Very much of the interior was at one time covered with the most beautiful bronze, but cupidity and superstition tore it away, leaving only enough to give one an idea of its richness and beauty.

We drove over the Tiber, on a bridge built by the ancient Romans. In widening the river at this point, it was necessary to construct two additional arches at the ends of the bridge, but the two central arches are those built by the Romans. A better piece of work of the kind one seldom sees. They look as if they will stand as long as the historic Tiber rolls its tide to the sea. Near this bridge is another remarkable piece of masonry. It is a sewer built a thousand years before the birth of Christ. It is of great size, arched at the top, and looks as if it would stand three thousand years more. It is said that Agrippa took a boat and rowed into it, that he might with his own eyes see this wonderful structure. Nothing of the kind at the present day surpasses it. There are now twelve bridges in Rome, spanning the river Tiber.

ST. PETER'S.

Of course, St. Peter's Church, under whose shadow is the Vatican, is one of the most celebrated of the world. I had formed a very inadequate idea of its immense size, and it was not until I had been all through it, and rode all around it, that I could grasp its magnitude. In its construction, genius exhausted itself, and the wealth of the richest church on earth was poured in lavish profusion upon it. The most renowned sculptors of the world gave the most skillful work of their hands to it. Painters have expended all their skill in adorning its walls and frescoing its ceilings. Kings, queens, potentates, princes, and the wealthiest men and women of all lands, have given of their richest and best gifts to it. Gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, and all manner of precious stones from Orient and Occident flame and sparkle on

its altars, and garnish its statues and its walls. Popes, whose hands have been in the pockets of all the multiplied millions of their people round the globe, have vied with one another in making this church the wonder of the world. The great of the earth, as well as the common people of every land, have made pilgrimages to this Mecca of Catholicism, worshiped at its altars, and left of their best within its walls. Human ingenuity has done all in its power and skill in placing this wealth of treasure so as to impress the beholder and awe the faithful. Arched aisles stretch away in every direction, on whose marble floors men move about as specks, or stand like particles of dust in the balance. Statues the most colossal, and yet the most perfect in form and grouping, stand along these aisles, or occupy niches here and there throughout the building. But the dome, who can describe! Though so great in size, so high, yet its proportions are so perfect, it leaves nothing to be desired. From where it springs above the massive arches that support it on every side to the apex, there are pictures in fresco that are almost above criticism. They blend and charm like a landscape.

Our guide secured to us the privilege of climbing to the top of this dome. Circling round and round like a great corkscrew, the steps lifted us higher and higher, until we were dizzy with the constant turning and the great elevation.

On and up we climbed, until some of our party began to pause by the way. So narrow was the spiral chamber through which we circled, that two men could scarcely pass each other, and yet upward we climbed, as if we should never reach the goal. But all things earthly must have a limit, and the spiral stairway that winds up the dome of St. Peter's must end somewhere this side the sky. The last of the 698 steps was taken — were we in the ball? Not yet. Any more climbing to do? Yes; there set an iron ladder perpendicularly, through the neck that supports the ball. Once more, as Bunyan says, "I addressed myself to the journey." Narrower and more narrow became the passage, until I had to press against the ladder with my breast to squeeze through, and at last I stood within the ball, which I found to be some eight or ten feet in diameter, without ventilation. It was not necessary to stay long, so I was soon on my way down.

Meeting Brother Pepper, who weighs perhaps seventy-five or

eighty pounds more than I, at the foot of the ladder, I advised him of the strait, and doubted his ability to squeeze through. But, nothing daunted, he took off his coat and vest, and prepared to climb and squeeze. He succeeded, but said if he had been a little larger, or the hole a little smaller, he never could have done so. Most of the young ladies of our party also succeeded in making the trip.

I have spoken of the pictures and of the frescoing that adorn the walls and ceiling of the dome. These are not all paintings, but some are mosaic, hence they are as bright and distinct as the day they were made, and will be for a thousand years to come. Nor are they copies, but were made by the Masters themselves. In building and adorning this central church of Catholicism, popes have vied with one another in employing the best artists and most renowned painters of the world. And these artists and painters have been glad to lay upon these altars the best fruit of their skill, that they might perpetuate their names and fame, and be talked of round the world. But one must see this wonder of architecture and painting to properly appreciate it. No description can convey an adequate idea of it.

Our guide secured for us the privilege of viewing the treasures of the Pope as stored in this church. There is too much of it, and it is too varied to describe. Were I sitting before it as I write, my powers would fail me, and I should simply confuse you. I shall therefore select only a few things, and speak of, not describe, them.

They have the royal robe of Charlemagne. This is a sort of cloak, with as much of gold as could be wrought in it. To me it looked clumsy. Perhaps if I had seen it on the shoulders of the great chieftain it might have looked better.

There was shown us the jubilee robe of Pope Pius IX. This, too, was heavy with gold, and to my eye it was more striking than that of Charlemagne.

There is a colossal statue of St. Peter in the church, that is dressed, as if alive, once a year, — June 29th. The miter placed upon the head is of immense size, corresponding with the size of the statue. It is covered all over with diamonds and other rare and costly gems. The miter itself is largely of gold. The robes are all covered with beautiful figures wrought in gold.

There is a finger-ring set with the rarest and most costly stones. This ring, almost as large as a common-sized napkin-ring, just fits the finger of the statue. Besides these, there are other ornaments worn by this statue on this day, that I cannot now recall. June 29th is called St. Peter's Day, and in Rome is one of the greatest in the year. On that day the church is crowded to its utmost capacity. Admiring thousands gaze with awe and admiration on the gold-and-diamond-ladened figure of the apostle, while the Peter that the Evangelists tell us about had to look into a fish's mouth to get a few pence with which to pay the tribute laid upon him and his divine Master. But upon what meat hath this Peter fed, that he hath grown so great?

No potentate on earth, east or west, excels him in the richness and splendor of his adorning. "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this one." Nor has ever such homage been paid to any one before. As I looked upon this statue and upon the gorgeous robes that are placed upon it,—saw with mine own eyes the sparkling gems that blazed in the miter they place on its head, and heard them tell what homage is paid it,—I could not but ask myself the question, Is this the enlightened twentieth century? and is it possible for such things to exist in Rome, which, before our Saviour's time, sat proud mistress of the world, and whose very literature has come down to the present day,—where, lying in the same building, is the oldest manuscript of the Bible, whose first command was thundered from Sinai against the worship of images? But I must not forget that I am telling about the treasures of the Pope, that it was my privilege to see.

There was a "suspensonia,"—a something like an immense candlestick, whose top spread in every direction, like rays of light. Each one of these rays was studded with diamonds great and small, until there seemed to be no more place for another precious stone. This single article, perhaps four feet in height, cost one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Then there was the ring of St. Peter, spoken of before, big enough to go over the fist of a child, but that just fits the finger of the statue, that was worth its thousands. This, too, is placed on the finger of St. Peter, June 29th, with all the other rich belongings of this fisherman of Galilee.

There was a candelabra presented by the gifted Michael Angelo.

It is said to be the richest in the world. Then there were shown us the robes worn by Pius IX on his jubilee, made expressly for the occasion. These robes blazed with gold wrought into the very texture of the fabric. These were never used but the one time, and are now laid away, only to be looked at. These are only a part of the many things we saw in this home of treasures.

We were conducted through portions of the Vatican, extra privileges being accorded us. We were permitted to see the Pope's carriages. They were twelve in number, and of the richest and most elaborate patterns, each one differing from the other. We were accompanied by the Pope's coachman, who, our guide told us, talked more to "His Holiness" than any other man.

He opened all the carriages for us, and let us look at the luxurious cushions and the rich trimmings. Had we seen any one of them alone, we should have thought it fine, but the last one shown us was simply gorgeous. I wish I could describe it; I wish I could give you an idea of it. It blazed all over with gold. It was of immense size, and contained but one elaborately cushioned and adorned seat. Figures of cherubim of gold were under the dashboard, and every part, from top to bottom, was constructed with an eye to beauty, grandeur, richness, and effect. No horses were ever attached to it, but six stalwart men, dressed for the occasion, drew it, with its honored occupant, the only time it was ever used,—on the occasion of the Pope's jubilee. As I stood and looked upon all this display of wealth and beauty, and heard our guide tell of the display of this "vicegerent" of the lowly Nazarene, who, so far as we know, never rode but once, and that on the "colt of an ass," just such as we saw in every street in Rome and Jerusalem, I could but exclaim, "What a contrast! The servant has become greater than his Master!" Hear the herald of the only potentate, King of kings, and Lord of lords, "Fear not, daughter of Zion; behold thy king cometh, sitting on an ass's colt"; and then as I look upon this his servant lifted from the pit, as the purchase of his blood, as he rides in all the pomp and pageant of the mightiest of earthly kings, drawn amid bowing multitudes by men of his own race, in amazement I exclaim, "What a contrast!"

There is a bronze statue of St. Peter in the church, that has actually had the toes of the right foot worn away by the multiplied

thousands that have bowed and kissed them. Just think of how many soft lips must have been applied to this hard metal to wear it away until it looks like a clubfoot, and yet here it stands, an ocular demonstration that the thing can be done. I had been laboring under the delusion that the Pope let the faithful kiss his toe, and when the historian tells us that Luther, in his search for peace, kissed the Pope's toe, I did not know that this was the toe he kissed.

But to return to what we saw in the Vatican,—this treasure of the wonders of the world. As I said, our guide, being a devout Catholic, and of a noted family, secured for us special favors.

The sight that I prized above all others was the sight of the Codex Vatican, one of the oldest and most highly prized copies of the Scriptures in existence. The parchment upon which it is written is in a perfect state of preservation. It is written in three columns to the page, and the writing is remarkably clear and distinct. This is not a copy, but is the original book, with its binding and all. I am not a worshiper of either men, things, or places; but I must confess to a veneration for this oldest copy of the Word of God in existence, and I felt thankful to the authorities of the Romish Church for its perfect preservation.

There is an immense number of valuable books and manuscripts stored in the Vatican,—about one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, and twenty-five thousand manuscripts, many of them exceedingly valuable.

There are, in the building, two pillars of porphyry, said to have been taken from Solomon's Temple, but I take this, as many other things, "with a grain of salt." There are, however, enough upon which we can rely to satisfy much of our curiosity.

In the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican is the celebrated—I might say the renowned—picture painted by Michael Angelo on the wall above the altar. I was disappointed in this, as a whole, though when taken in detail the characters represented are very fine. It strikes me as a fact, that one, however great a genius he may be, cannot intelligently present as many things as are found here in the compass of one picture.

This picture is called "The Last Judgment." In it is portrayed Christ seated with the Virgin Mother, surrounded by saints, patriarchs, and prophets, the archangel summoning the

dead to judgment. On the right are the redeemed; on the left, the lost. Very many individual characters are portrayed on the wall. To me, the whole thing is confusing. I find the same fault with other pictures over which critics rave. The blending of the visible and the invisible, the earthly and the heavenly, in the same picture, is to my mind an incongruity, as well as an impossibility. It is not natural, and hence does not appeal to me.

We visited the Hall of the Immaculate Conception, where this dogma was proclaimed,—a dogma that was intended to deify the mother of our Lord, and for which there is not a shadow of proof in the Scriptures. But here we stood in a hall where one of the greatest of the popes,—esteemed and declared infallible,—surrounded by his cardinals, solemnly announced this dogma to the world, and fixed it in the Church forever.

Immediately under the dome of St. Peter's is a canopy, on which art has expended its greatest skill, the pillars of which are said to be copies of some in Solomon's Temple. Under this canopy the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, we were told, are buried. In fact, the bodies of these men are said to be divided up, and fragments are buried at different places. We saw all these places. Under this canopy, and over the heads of the Apostles, is a chest of silver, some twenty inches long and twelve inches wide, and the same in height. Whenever a new cardinal is made, a piece of his stole is cut off and deposited in this box as evidence that he is a cardinal. We caught frequent views of the garden and grounds of the Pope. They are artistically laid out, and are very beautiful. I could write pages, where I have written paragraphs, about St. Peter's and the Vatican.

St. Peter's Church, according to the best authorities, occupies the site of Nero's Circus, and is thought by the same authorities to be the identical spot where St. Paul was executed. These authorities differ from Conybeare and Howson on this subject, the latter settling the matter, to my mind.

In St. Philip's Church I saw Cardinals Cassetta and Svampa engaged in making saints. The church is a very large one, and I think I will not overestimate the number when I say there were ten thousand candles burning in the building. Beside the altar, and every other available place, there were lighted candles, and then the entire wall from floor to top of dome was studded with

them. Nor were they stuck about at random, but they were arranged so as to produce the best effect. The two cardinals (one of whom, it is thought, will be the next pope) were dressed in red, with red hats on their heads. A great choir assisted with its music in rendering high mass. If the men whose names were linked with this service were not made saints, it will be no fault of these cardinals, judging from the manner in which they conducted the service.

OSTIAN WAY.

We took a drive of several miles on the Ostian Way to St. Paul's Church, which is outside the city limits. Tradition has it that here St. Paul was beheaded.

Our guide told us, in all seriousness, that "when his head was cut off, it gave three jumps, and that wherever it struck, a fountain of pure water spouted out." And as the fountains are there, thousands believe it. Anyway, they have built one of the most magnificent churches on the spot. We saw nothing outside of St. Peter's that excelled it.

In one of the chapels of this church, which I estimated to be three hundred feet long, not including the altar space, there are eighty great columns of solid marble, in four rows. These columns must be four or five feet in diameter, and forty or fifty feet high. The floor—as in all the churches in Rome—is of marble, beautifully laid in various colors. The pillar to which the Apostle was bound just before his martyrdom is shown in this church.

THE BASILICA.

We visited the ruins of an immense basilica, in the midst of which is the Column of Trajan. This column is the most stupendous monument of ancient Rome. It has survived destruction by having a statue of St. Peter placed upon it.

It stands 135 feet in height. It records, in bas-relief figures, arranged in spiral order from base to summit, the victories of Trajan over the Dacians. There are two thousand five hundred figures on the column, consisting of men, horses, arms, machines of war, trophies, etc. It is remarkable how very perfect and distinct these figures are to-day.

Near this column are the ruins of the Temple of Trajan. Broken marble columns of surpassing beauty strew the ground, or stand as silent monuments of departed splendor. Here, at one time, this mighty man held court, or walked amid this forest of columns as one of the greatest of earth. But he is gone, and only these old sentinels stand where their master stood, and keep watch over his fane, and at the same time they tell of the folly of human greatness and the changeful nature of all things beneath the sun.

There once stood a hill on this spot, just the height of this column, and Trajan had his minions dig and bear it away, that he might here, in the heart of "the Eternal City," build his court and rear a monument to perpetuate his name. Here in this basilica the tribunes of Rome sat to judge the people. But were it not for history, and the tales of tradition, we should walk amid this wreck to-day and wonder what it all meant.

THE COLOSSEUM.

Nothing in Rome stands out more prominently than the ruins of the Colosseum. It is right in the heart of the city, not far from the tomb of Hadrian, which is a massive circular building, and one of the land-marks of the city.

The Colosseum covers six acres of ground. On the outside it is a perfect circle, on the inside it is elliptical, making the walls of unequal thickness. The rising amphitheater is supported by walls and arches of solid masonry. The work on this building was done mainly by the Jews taken captive by Titus at the siege of Jerusalem. They were brought here in countless thousands, and put to this labor.

The very stubborn resistance made to the Roman armies, when they did fall, embittered their conquerors against them, and the more they oppressed and humiliated them. Fifteen thousand of them died while building the Colosseum.

Wonderful had been the predictions against them, and fearfully were they fulfilled.

Moses said: "And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other: and there thou shall serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers

have known, even wood and stone. And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest: but the Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind. And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life: In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see."

How literally was this fulfilled as these merciless task-masters drove them to death.

The quarry from which much of the stones were taken in building the Colosseum was six miles away. They formed a line of Jews the full length, and made them pass the stones from one to the other along the line.

Their oppressors cared nothing for their lives, but like dumb beasts they were driven to their tasks, and when one fell, another was put in his place.

We know of no building in the world that equals this in its capacity. It could seat an audience of one hundred thousand people. The walls are of immense height, and were formerly crowned with an entablature adorned with pilasters and windows. The most beautiful columns stood at short intervals on the top of the walls. We saw some of the fragments of these columns, that showed they were wrought in the highest style of the art. The arena where the exhibitions took place, and that attracted the thousands of spectators of every class, from the Emperor down, was 278 feet long and 177 feet wide. It was in full view from every seat. A place was reserved for the Emperor, and always opposite him sat the vestal virgins.

When we call up the scenes that were enacted within these walls, the slaughter of men and animals, and remember that men and women actually enjoyed their death-struggles, and instead of being satiated and surfeited with them, they called for more, and gloated over them, we find a trait in human nature that is appalling.

Human nature, unsanctified by the grace of God, is unadulterated meanness and cruelty. It was to purify and save this ruined humanity that Christ came. And ere the babe had seen

the light of a single day, the announcement was made, "Peace on earth, and good will to men."

But to return to the building. It would seem that human ingenuity could not have devised a more stable structure of its size than this. And yet here it is, in ruins. The secret is, that its walls have been torn down, and its ornamental columns have been removed with which to build other houses. Palaces and churches have been constructed out of the material taken from this mighty building. In it was the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, and this blood, like the blood of Abel, seems to have cried from the ground. And God and man have been against it. More than once it has been shaken and rent by earthquakes. And barbarians and Christians have each, in turn, taken a hand in destroying it, until one of the popes set up a number of shrines in it, and thus made it a sacred spot.

At least one third of the building is gone, while of the thousands of marble columns with which it was adorned, not a single entire one is left.

TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

Near the Colosseum is the Arch of Constantine. It stands directly over the Appian Way, and is in a fine state of preservation.

But what interested me most was the Arch of Titus, erected on the Via Sacra, or "sacred way," to celebrate his victory over Jerusalem, in that most memorable of sieges. While other members of our party were talking of this or that, calling attention to the grand views from this point, I was lost in contemplation of the figures in bas-relief chiseled on its walls, especially the figure of the golden candlestick taken from the Temple at Jerusalem. We are told that this is the only representation of this candlestick in the world. All others are but copies of this one. Titus brought it with him as one of the trophies of his victory. What ever became of it no one knows. One of the legends concerning it is, that it was thrown into the Tiber to save it from the hands of the invader. Beyond this arch the Via Sacra leads through the Basilica of Julian up to the Temple of Jupiter. For ages these historic buildings have been covered with an accumulation of earth and detritus to the depth of from twenty to thirty feet.

This is now being removed. The locations of these buildings have been discovered and their forms determined, for long lines of parts of columns of the most beautiful pattern have been uncovered. The day we were there, men were at work removing the covering of earth that has hidden away and preserved these remnants of Rome's greatest structures.

Of the Temple of Jupiter three unbroken columns remain. In this temple is a platform, where sat the highest in authority, and to whom the conquerors came with the spoils of their victory, and from whom they received the highest honors. The Temple of Saturn was not far off. Eight pillars of this building still stand. Near-by is the Temple of Castor and Pollux, with its three pillars. These pillars are considered the most beautiful in Rome. This temple was erected at the fount Juturna, where the brothers Castor and Pollux watered their horses when they announced the victory of Lake Regulus to the Romans. Over the fountain stand figures of two colossal horses, led by men of equal proportions, to represent these brothers.

We were shown the spot where Romulus and Remus had their contention about the height of the walls of Rome, which ended in the death of Remus.

A live wolf is kept near the capital; also an eagle. I saw the wolf. He is a fine, large one. In the same inclosure is a monument to the memory of Rienzi, the last of the tribunes. On this spot he was addressing the people, although advised not to venture among them, when he was slain.

I have not the time to write of the many objects of interest shown me. Among them, however, I will mention a very large bath of porphyry, which belonged to Nero. It was dug up from the ruins of his palace.

I visited the celebrated Mamertine prison, where, tradition tells us, St. Paul and St. Peter were imprisoned. It may be that the former was. But two churches have been built over it; one above the other. And while it is a veritable prison, dismal enough for any age, yet the whole thing may have been altered to suit the notion of some one who lived long after the time of the Apostles.

We visited church after church, until I began to tire of it. But our guide took us to the Church of St. John. This is one of the most important churches in Rome, from the fact that in it all

cardinals are elected, and from the front piazza the proclamation of a new pope is first made. And my understanding was that popes are elected only in this building.

Of course we visited the celebrated "Scala Sancta," or flight of twenty-eight steps, said to have been brought from "Pilate's house in Jerusalem, specially venerated because Jesus Christ is said to have ascended and descended them, bathing them in his blood." Whether there be any truth in this story or not, there is no mistake of their veneration and use. You remember that Martin Luther, when he was seeking justification, came to these stairs, and, as was required then, as now, commenced their ascent on his knees. He climbed the stone steps. But these stones have been so worn by the knees of the penitent, and those seeking indulgences, that they had to cover them with wood.

I stood at the foot of these stairs and counted fourteen slowly climbing them on their knees. All were women, except one, who seemed to be a mere lad.

They would come in, reverently fall upon their knees on the lowest step, remain in prayer for at least a minute, and then, still on their knees, climb to the next. It is said that he who climbs these stairs on his knees, repeating the required prayers, will have indulgence for a thousand years.

Oh, how my heart bled for these poor deluded creatures, when I knew there was One then able and willing to speak their sins forgiven in a moment. "For the just shall live by faith."

But I must desist. I suppose there is not a city in the world that is better supplied with water than the city of Rome. Fountains pour out their wealth of water on every hand. The ruins of the old Roman aqueduct challenge the admiration and wonder of architects of the present day, while the aqueduct that supplies the city at present would do honor to any city. The fountains of which we have spoken are all of the most beautiful kind. Many of them are composed of marble statues of men, and animals of various kinds. Almost any one of the larger ones wastes enough water in the twenty-four hours to supply a small city.

The last afternoon in Rome, we took a drive on one of the hills above the city, on the western side. As the sun was sinking, he lit up the sides of the houses next to us, and presented a picture

that will long linger in my memory. We looked over on the original "seven hills," on which the city is built. But the space encompassed in these seven hills cannot now contain the four hundred thousand inhabitants, and they have taken in other hills. We drove by the splendid monument erected to the memory of Garibaldi. The spot where it stands is well chosen. On this drive we visited the house in which Tasso lived and died. I stood beneath the oak, that is carefully preserved, beneath which he wrote his celebrated poem, "Jerusalem Delivered." I have ever been an admirer of Tasso, and I felt a peculiar thrill as I stood where he had often stood, and visited his burial-place under the altar at which he worshiped.

CHAPTER IV.

Naples — Pompeii — Macaroni — Island of Capri — Blue Grotto — Beggars — Patras — Milking Goats.

NAPLES.

There were other things that I desired to see in Rome. But our plan led us next to Naples.

There is a direct line of railroad between Rome and Naples. But, a few days before our leaving Rome, an avalanche of earth had completely blocked the way. So we took another road to the east, and then took carriages and drove over the Apennine Mountains, striking the road on the west side, below the obstruction.

This was a most delightful drive amid the olive orchards and vineyards, that abound all over Italy. We also had the privilege of seeing the people in the country, and of observing their customs.

We reached Naples about night, and were surprised to find that it had two hundred thousand more inhabitants than Rome, and that the business of the place was very much greater.

The night we arrived, we had one of the most terrific thunderstorms to pass over the city that it has been my pleasure to listen to in many a day. For half an hour there was not an interval of darkness between the vivid flashes of lightning, and the thunder was one continued roar, with an occasional peal that shook the very earth. We had a similar storm while in Rome, but it was not so severe. I enjoyed the music of the thunder wonderfully. I have always loved to hear it thunder. When but a child, there was no music so attractive, and I find that my long residence in California, where we but seldom hear it, has not destroyed my love for it.

Our first trip at Naples was to the ruins of Pompeii. An hour's run by rail brought us to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, from whose top rolled out great volumes of smoke. Immediately over the

crater the smoke was red, as it was lit up by the fires within the crater.

We first passed the site of Herculaneum. This buried city lies nearer the base of Vesuvius than does Pompeii, but researches have been confined mainly to the latter. On arriving at the station, we were immediately conducted into the exhumed city. We were first shown some of the things of interest taken from the ruins. We saw the bodies of a number of men and women, just in the position in which the volcanic storm overtook them. In almost every instance the men had money-belts around their bodies. We saw the body of a poor dog all doubled up as if in a death agony. We were shown loaves of bread taken from an oven. It was badly burned. But the poor man or woman who put it to bake had no opportunity of taking it from the oven when it was done, and so it burned to a coal. We saw the oven from which it was taken, when passing through the city.

The streets were all well paved, with neat sidewalks on each side. Most of the streets were quite narrow, and in many of them deep ruts were worn in the solid stone pavements, by the wheels of the carriages. These streets were just wide enough between the sidewalks for a carriage to pass, and as a consequence the wheels always ran in the same places. There was no such thing as two carriages passing each other in the streets. This had to be done at the crossings of streets. There were no animals used, but two slaves drew the carriages. At frequent intervals there were stepping-stones near the crossings of the streets, that stood up even with the sidewalks, for the convenience of pedestrians in crossing the streets. The carriages had to straddle these stones. In one of the main streets stood a fountain surrounded by a square marble coping about three feet high. On one side, raised above this coping, was the figure of a man, from whose mouth the water flowed. So popular was this drinking-place, and so frequently was it used, that a place was worn in the stone where the drinker placed his hand when he leaned over to put his mouth to the mouth of the fountain, and all the mouth, and part of the nose of the marble figure, were worn away by the lips of the thirsty multitudes that drank at it. I could hardly believe this, had I not seen it with my own eyes, and had I not seen the bronze toes of the statue of St. Peter kissed away by the lips of the faithful.

For more than an hour we were conducted from street to street, and from house to house, by our guide. One thing impressed me. It was the distinctness of colors and shapes of the frescoing on the walls of the houses. We went into one house that was evidently the home of a rich man. The floors were laid in mosaic of the most beautiful and delicate pattern, while the frescoing on the walls was beautiful. The objects pictured on the walls of the dining-room were unique and appetizing. They consisted of little winged figures like cupids,—some baking, some brewing, some gathering grapes and pressing wine,—all actively engaged at something. These figures were in colors on a black background, that brought them out very distinctly.

The bath-rooms were very luxurious. They evidently were prepared to give either warm or cold baths. There was a public bath-house, with the tub about twelve feet in diameter and nearly three deep, let into the floor. There were four niches in the walls, evidently for dressing-rooms.

The bath-room for ladies adjoined, but there was no communication between them. Each had a set of furnaces.

The amphitheater is very similar in shape and arrangements to those seen in Rome, Athens, and elsewhere. The arena is circular, while the seats rise in circular form round about it. It has been estimated that this one would comfortably seat twelve thousand eight hundred spectators. It is in a fine state of preservation.

The signs of the different craftsmen were worked into the outer walls of the houses. For instance, a square of mosaic, a foot or eighteen inches square, indicated that this work was done within. A hardware merchant had knives, reap-hooks, scissors, etc., on his sign.

A triangular forum or temple is indicated by rows of broken columns, platforms, and other objects.

The citizens of Pompeii were evidently fond of sports. Besides the amphitheater spoken of, they had a tragic theater, containing twenty-eight tiers of seats, that would hold five thousand spectators; also, a comic theatre, that would seat fifteen hundred people, and a place surrounded by a colonnade, used for gladiatorial contests.

So these rocks, wrought into theaters and places of amusement,

like a book that has been closed for multiplied centuries, now thrown wide open, tell of the folly of this people.

There are things portrayed on the walls of some of their houses, of which we cannot speak, that reveal to us the fact that society among these people was rotten to the core. And doubtless their sins, like those of the cities of the plain, smelled unto heaven, and brought the swift judgment of God upon them.

And as it was in the days of Abraham: "And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

So old Vesuvius, as the instrument in God's hand, still sends up his smoke, "like the smoke of a furnace," to tell us of the power and of the righteous indignation of God,—an emblem,—as Jude expresses it, "an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire."

Great beds of lava from the lips of the crater to the sea still lie incrusting the mountain to its base. And yet on this very lava towns are built, and people live as careless as did the inhabitants of Pompeii.

I stood near the thick coating of earth and ashes with which the city has been covered for centuries, but now being removed, and thought how wonderfully God has kept his secrets until now, and what careful hands he has employed to reveal them.

Our stay in Naples was so short, we did not have time to visit the museum in which are laid up the choisest treasures of Pompeii. But on our return we have promised to look farther, and perhaps to climb Vesuvius itself.

As we approached Pompeii, our guide pointed out the factories where the great body of macaroni is manufactured. Tons upon tons of it are turned out here every year. He gave me the history of its name.

A certain king, that had more food than appetite, sent his servant to the market to get something very nice. He came back with a lot of hollow noodles. When asked about them, he said, "It cost very dear." (Of course speaking in Italian.) The sentence sounds like "macaroni." And that gave name to this Italian delicacy, that is known round the world.

One afternoon, Brother Pepper and I drove to the outskirts of

Naples. As we stood upon a hill overlooking the Mediterranean, we saw a little village lying at the mouth of a small stream. On asking its name, were told that it was Puteoli, the place where Paul first set his foot on Italian soil, after his tempestuous voyage.

Luke tells us: "And we came the next day to Puteoli, where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days; and so we went toward Rome."

It is a very small place. I suppose no larger than when Paul landed there.

While in Naples we made an excursion by a little steamer to the island of Capri, that lies in the mouth of the Bay of Naples.

The Bay of Naples is a perfect picture of beauty. The water is remarkably clear, and the most beautiful blue, often shading into emerald in the most wonderful manner. We first steamed across to the old town of Sorrento, the birthplace of the poet Tasso; then to Capri. This island was a favorite with Tiberius Cæsar. Here he built a palace on the brow of a high hill. Some of the old walls and the ruins of the palace are still there. On a point jutting out into the sea is a fort, from which, it is said, Tiberius at one time had a number of slaves thrown. The precipice is several hundred feet high. It is also related, in connection with this event, that he had men stationed at the foot of the cliff with clubs, so that if any of the unfortunate slaves should survive the fall, they might dispatch them.

We, in our day of enlightment, can hardly realize that a monster of such cruelty would be suffered to live.

A more beautiful spot than this island it is hard to find. It is covered with grape-vines and olive trees; and the most charming views are to be had from a thousand points of observation. "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

One object in our coming to this island was to visit the celebrated "Blue Grotto." This grotto is entered by boats from the sea. The opening is very small,—just large enough to admit of a row-boat. We had to lie flat down on the bottom of the boat as we passed in. But when inside, as soon as our eyes could accommodate themselves to the subdued light that came only by the little orifice through which we entered, and under the sea, we found ourselves in a most beautiful grotto. The height of the interior is forty-one feet, with nearly fifty feet of water. It is 100

feet by 175 feet. The water is of the most delicate light blue I ever beheld. You feel as if you were in an enchanted cave. There is a sort of weird, uncanny appearance about the whole thing, that strikes you with awe. The peculiar color of the water, as reflected to the ceiling and in the faces of your companions, is remarkable.

I tried to divine the cause of this strange color given to the water, and my theory is, that it is caused by refraction. The opening to the grotto above the water is too small to admit enough light to illuminate the cave, and the water being deep and clear, the light comes up, as it were, from below, and the rays, being deflected, or bent, give to it its peculiar color. A copper coin was thrown into the water, and a boy dived after it. His body, as he went down, had a strange silvery appearance. We could see him distinctly more than ten feet under water. He caught the copper, and brought it in triumph to the surface.

Our return trip across the bay was one long to be remembered. Vesuvius stood before us in all his grandeur. Not a cloud flecked the sky. But great volumes of smoke rose out of the crater of the volcano and rolled in white billows away to the south, while Naples and the surburban villages lay like a coral reef along the circling shore at its base. I stood on the deck of the vessel for more than an hour and watched the smoke as it boiled out of the mountain and drifted away.

Of all the cities we have visited, Naples reveals to us the most beggars. From little children, to the old and decrepit, they stretch out their hands and beg. One little rascal, not more than six years old, with doleful look shook an armless sleeve to reveal his misfortune and claim our pity. But when we took hold of him, found the lost arm inside his shirt. He only laughed at our discovery, and continued to beg. Boys would trot along beside our carriages and turn handspring after handspring, and rush up with confidence for the reward of their agility. Twelve-year-old girls would run for half a mile by us, begging for a centime (the fifth of a cent). We could enter no church or public place without having hands thrust under our noses, with an appeal for money.

We left Naples on the west for Brindisi on the east side of the peninsula of Italy. It was an all-day run, though it was less

than one hundred miles. There is no rush or hurry here, either by rail or any other way. Our road passed over and under the Apennines. We were scarcely out of one tunnel until we were in another. They kept lights burning in the car all the while. We were in one tunnel three quarters of an hour. Brindisi is a very old town, and is the terminus of the celebrated Appian Way, that starts at Rome, made memorable by its connection with the history of the Apostle Paul. We had only a few hours in Brindisi, but we went in search of Virgil's Column, erected here in memory of this greatest of the Latin poets. We saw the building in which he died, and the modest but beautiful shaft near-by, that an appreciative people have erected to his memory. His body lies at Naples.

PATRAS.

The day after leaving Brindisi, we landed at Patras. We were now in classic Greece, and could look in no direction without seeing something historic, something that would call up names and places made familiar in our school days.

Right across the bay was the battle-field of Missolonghi, on which Marcos Bozzaris was killed. There Lord Byron fought. There he was taken sick and died. His heart was taken out and buried on the battle-field, where he fought, but his body was taken to England and buried near Newstead Abbey, as they refused it a place in Westminster Abbey.

We landed at Patras, where we spent several hours. I was astonished at the great trade in what they call currants, but they are small seedless grapes; for I examined them, and was afterwards permitted to see them as they were spread out to dry, at Corinth, where the great body of them is grown. They pack them in boxes, in barrels, and in bags. I passed by scores of houses where men, women, and children were cleaning, picking, and sorting them. I went into some of these houses and was shown every courtesy, and everything explained to me that could be made by signs; for I could not speak Greek, and they could not speak English. I went down to the wharf and saw great numbers of ships loading with them. We reached Greece just in the height of the grape and wine season. It is the first place I ever saw where the grapes are equal to our California grapes.

They seem to have none but the choicest varieties, and these were in great perfection. Most of their vines are trimmed low, as ours. But certain varieties are trained on poles or trellises.

I have seen thousands of goat-skin bottles filled with wine. These skins have the hair taken off with lime, and the skin is then turned inside out, and is ready to fill. We saw hundreds of carts filled with these skins. At one station there were at least five hundred empty casks strung along the side of the track. Men would drive their carts up, take out a skin, and, putting the neck to the bung-hole, let the wine run in. Every night, while in Athens, we could hear the carts going by the hotel, at all hours of the night. I suppose they haul them largely at night because of the greater danger of heating and fermenting in the day. Nearly everybody, I am told, drinks wine at their meals, and, strange to say, there are but few drunkards in Greece. Donkeys are very largely used here, both in Italy and in Greece. Some of them are very small, but they carry enormous loads. I have seen six baskets, holding over a half-bushel each, on one little donkey. You could only see his little slender legs, his head, and tail. Then I have seen a load of wood as big as himself piled up on him. And these patient little creatures have to stand all day in the streets until their load is sold.

MILKING GOATS.

Goat's milk is so universally used, that if you want cow's milk, you have to call for it by name. Nearly all the butter used is made from goat's milk. I found both the milk and butter good.

You can see a man with a lot of milk-measures driving ten or a dozen goats through the streets. When he reaches the house of a customer, he squats behind a nanny-goat and milks the required amount, and drives on to the next. All the goats while in town are muzzled,—I suppose to keep them from foraging.

Nearly all the Greeks dress in American style, though a few of them cling to the old form of dress. They have a skirt like a wide frill reaching from the waist to the knees, usually of some light white cloth. This frill is wrapped round and round the waist until it is eight or ten inches thick. Being so thick, and frilled all

the way, a very graceful, billowy motion is imparted in walking. It is said it takes about forty yards to make one of these garments. The whole length of the leg and thigh is incased in tightly fitting stockings. The upper part of the body is incased in a richly embroidered jacket or vest, and a tasseled cloth cap crowns the whole. The shoes turn up at the toes several inches, on which is an immense tuft or tassel, like the top-knot of a Poland chicken.

Italy and Greece are also the lands of the olive as well as the vine. We were hardly ever out of sight of olive trees. They were growing in the rich valleys, and up among the rocks on the mountain side. Great portions of the country, especially the mountainous parts, resembled California very much. Here are millions of people who live largely off the proceeds of their vines and olive trees, while we have millions of acres that would grow the olive, especially, to greater perfection. Ripe olives are used everywhere here. But I have never but once seen a green olive, such as we use, on the table.

CHAPTER V.

Athens — Museum — Acropolis — Ruins of Temple of Bacchus — Temple of Æsculapius — Temple of Minerva — The Parthenon — Temple of Mysteries — Wine-press — Temple of the Winds — King George's Palace — Corinth — St. Paul.

ATHENS

We reached Athens on Friday, just at dark. Our first visit was to the Museum. It would take a volume to describe even the most interesting things in this Museum.

Greece will allow any proper person to make excavations among her ruined cities, but will not allow them to take any archæological discovery away. It must be put in this Museum, whose doors are open to all. Copies or casts may be made, but the original must remain here.

Dr. Schliemann, a German archæologist, made some of the richest and most valuable discoveries, — discoveries rich in gold — and they are all here to-day. The people of Athens showed their appreciation of his work by erecting one of the most beautiful monuments to his memory at the entrance of their city cemetery. It is of white marble, with the most delicate and beautiful chiseling.

Among other things in the Museum are a number of vases, found in the graves of the heroes of Marathon. Many of these vases were broken, but perfectly restored by placing the pieces together and holding them with plaster of Paris.

There were fragments of the skeletons of soldiers who fell in a battle between the Athenians and Macedonians, 300 B. C. I was impressed with the perfect preservation of the teeth.

It is astonishing what numbers of pure gold ornaments were found in many of the graves. In one case there was a mask of gold lying over the face, large cups and vases of gold, and any amount of small ornaments, such as rings set with jewels, and figures of birds and animals. But, to me, one of the most remark-

able objects in the Museum was from Egypt. It was the figure of a kneeling woman kneading bread in a tray, made of one piece of wood. This was made three thousand years before Christ, and was in a perfect state of preservation. The pose was most life-like. I think it was made of a piece of sycamore.

In the afternoon we visited the Acropolis. It is on the summit of a very high hill, and evidently was once in the very heart of Athens. The ruins on and about this hill are wonderful in their extent and interest. On one side is the Temple of Bacchus, called by the Athenians Dionysos. In one end are great slabs of white marble, on which, in bas-relief, is Bacchus, with his beastly face, surrounded by clusters of grapes, dancing figures of nymphs, and other symbols of drunkenness and revelry. It is said that here was the beginning of the theater. The country people came in to bring their offering to Bacchus, who, as they thought, had blessed their vines, and simple plays were gotten up for their entertainment. Ranged around the platform are circular seats of marble, rising one above another. It is wonderful how well preserved these seats are. They would do to use now. In no country of the world is marble so perfect and so plentiful as here and in Italy. And in no country are statues so abundant as here. They are in, around, and often upon, every church and public building, in all the hotels, and in very many private houses. In all the buried cities, they have been dug up by scores. And even in the graveyards of the present day, statues abound.

Hard-by the Temple of Bacchus, on the same side of the Acropolis, is the Temple of Æsculapius. Here were the rooms for the sick and disabled, who came to him for healing. An immense drain led from these rooms to the Ilissus River, not far off, showing that this first great doctor of the Greeks used much water in his practice. And some of the cures reported of him evinced a strong element of faith, showing that our Christian scientists and faith healers were anticipated by this celebrated Greek physician, who flourished and plied his art long before Christ, and who was deified for his skill and humbuggery.

The Acropolis towers above the city of Athens, and is crowned by the ruins of splendid temples and other public edifices. I feel that I am totally inadequate to describe even the ruins of this renowned hill. Take, for instance, the Temple of Minerva, some

THEATER AND THE TEMPLE OF DIONYSOS, OR BACCHUS, AT ATHENS.

of the columns of which are yet standing. Originally, there were seventeen on each side and eight on the ends. Those standing were fluted. At the base they were six feet two inches in diameter. The area of the building inclosed by these columns was 227 feet by 110 feet. The main room held the statue of Minerva, forty feet in height, made of ivory and gold. The frieze round the temple was 554 feet, on which were chiseled figures in white marble, representing scenes in the history of Greece, where Minerva was supposed to have helped them.

To the southwest from the main building is the Temple of Apteros, or "Wingless Victory,"—the meaning was, that the victory of the Athenians was to be perpetual. Being wingless, it could not fly from them. In this temple, Athene, who was the goddess of Athens, was worshiped as the Goddess of Victory. This temple is in quite a good state of preservation, owing, I think, to the fact, incidentally related to us by the guide, that while the Acropolis was in possession of the Turks in later years, they made a powder-magazine of the Temple of Minerva. A well-directed shell from the enemy exploded the magazine, and wrecked the main building. This little temple was detached from the main building, hence did not receive the shock of this explosion. This, however, is a mere conjecture of mine, on viewing the situation.

On this hill, Greece seems to have lavished both her wealth and her skill. The Parthenon, that crowned it, must have been the grandest building either in ancient or in modern times. Enough has been left, taken with the descriptions given by those who saw it in its perfection, to form a very correct idea of its form and its beauty. It was erected by Pericles, 444–436 B. C., and cost twenty-five million dollars, in our money. The architects were Callicrates and Ictinus; the sculptors, Pheidias and his pupils. The building was 227 by 110 feet. The Doric columns were six feet two inches in diameter at the base and thirty-four feet in height. When we remember the history that marks this building, we wonder that there is a trace of the original structure left. Standing on the top of this high hill, where it has, as we are told, been shaken by earthquakes, rent by lightning, torn by explosions, robbed by the unscrupulous, changed by superstitious Christians into a church, by fanatical Moslems into a mosque, exposed to the burning heat

of the sun, and drenched by the rains of heaven, how could a remnant of it have survived? And yet here it is; and we, more than two thousand years after its erection, walk amid its broken columns and shattered friezes, and look up with wonder at shafts of marble, chiseled by hands that have been moldering in the grave for more than a score of centuries, still standing where they placed them, with scarcely a trace of their beauty gone.

We look far off to a mountain in the east, and see a scar gleaming in the setting sun on its side, and are told that that is the quarry whence all this wealth of architecture and sculpture came. For ages, men have been digging into the heart of this mountain, fashioning its hard, snowy treasure into columns and figures that have adorned all Greece, and been sent round the world. And yet it is not exhausted. When we had satisfied ourselves with looking at the broken glory at our feet, we went to the side of the Acropolis, that hangs above the present city of Athens, and from whose summit all of ancient Athens was visible. The sun, that had been riding in splendor all day, was drawing the drapery of the clouds about him, weaving them into golden fleeces about his form, and spreading them as a glory about his brow ere he pillowed his head in the sea, that rocked and tossed beneath him, pushed aside his veil and bathed the mountain sides and all the city of Athens in a subdued, softened light, that not only glorified the scene, but awakened memories of the past, and shot its golden rays along the corridors of time, revealing scenes more glorious even than the enchanting splendors that lay as a living picture beneath us. Greece, sunny, classic Greece, with her scholars, her statesmen, her orators, her language, chosen by our Lord and Master as the vehicle through which, in these last times, to speak to his beloved, all passed in review in that magic scene. To the left was Mars' Hill, and on it stood the great Apostle to the Gentiles, sweeping the horizon of the world with his vision, looking up to the very throne of the Eternal, with one hand pointing above, the other spread out over earth and heaven, with his back to the Parthenon and his face to Calvary, exclaiming with the voice of an archangel: "God, that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS. MARS' HILL IS SEEN IN THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE PICTURE.

to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device."

Under this burning eloquence, all the glory of Athens faded; the splendid image of Minerva, towering above all others, gleaming in ivory and gold, with the votive offerings of kings, warriors, and statesmen piled around it, with fluted columns and fretted frieze, white as the snows of Parnassus, above and around it, became a stiff and senseless block, not worth as much as the soil on which it, motionless, stood.

Paul, the stranger, who was only waiting for his friends, and who had been led to this hill, that he might tell these worshipers of idols the new and thrilling doctrine of life through Christ and the resurrection, was now the central figure of that scene. All earthly glory faded, all idols with their temples crumbled into dust and ruins at his feet, while the crucified, the risen Jesus of Nazareth, now the Sun of righteousness, the Lord of all, rose in splendor on the broad horizon of the world's hopes, thrilled all hearts and lit with its splendors the gloomy chambers of the dead. Athens, bathed in the tinted light of the setting sun, faded from the vision, and the "great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: . . . and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal." And my heart exclaimed, "Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus."

ATHENS. — (Continued.)

Very close to the Acropolis is Mars' Hill, rendered immortal by the wonderful sermon preached by Paul as he waited at Athens for his friends and companions. It is now but a rough, bare rock, denuded of all its soil, with not a vestige of a house left

upon it, if there ever was any. Not only so, but there are no houses, or even ruins, round about it. The wash and change of this country is marvelous. I often wondered how it is that whole cities have been buried ten, fifteen, twenty feet deep, and that it requires the spade and cart of the archæologist to unearth them. But I have seen enough to fully satisfy my mind that this is done in most instances by the rains washing the soil from the mountains. At Corinth, I saw the clearest exemplification of this.

Below Mars' Hill is the market-place, where Paul, before being taken to the Areopagus, disputed with them daily. We walked through this market-place, that has been covered with earth for ages, and had pointed out to us the stalls and stores where the busy multitudes then talked and traded. God has kept locked up in this earthly treasure-house—much of it the soil washed from Mars' Hill—not only the stores, but the record of the fact that here the superstitious Athenians assembled and spent their time "in telling or hearing some new thing." Many of the customs of these people, while in a measure modified, have come down to the present, unchanged. Night after night I stood on the balcony of our hotel and looked out upon a scene I never witnessed before. There is a plaza in front of the hotel, and as the evening comes on, long rows of small, round, iron tables are set out, and chairs set by them. As the shadows of evening gather, the crowds gather with them, until thousands are seated round the tables, where diminutive cups of coffee, and glasses of water, and in a few instances wine, are served them. And there they sit, and talk, and discuss matters until late at night. There is a music-stand in the midst, and eight or ten musicians discourse sweet music until a late hour of the night. The crowds come and go all the time. I walked out in the midst of them several times and found them very quiet and orderly. I could not understand a word that was spoken. "It was Greek to me." But I have no doubt the very scene that I looked upon was witnessed by the Apostle Paul. Our little company, nearly if not all of them Christians, gathered around on the rocky brow of Mars' Hill and listened to the reading of Paul's sermon by Brother Pepper. It, with many other things, had a new meaning to me. Just above them was the most magnificent temple in

MARS' HILL, ATHENS.

all Greece. The columns, and frieze, and architrave that now lie in broken fragments on this storm-torn mountain were then all in their places, rich in all the splendor of art and man's device, glittering in the sunlight as if the hill were a crown of alabaster, challenging not only the admiration but the worship of men. Within that temple stood the crowned statue of Minerva, made of ivory and gold, sparkling in the splendors of diamonds and rubies and other precious and costly gems. Then right about him were the seats of the judges, who invested themselves and their courts with all that pomp and paraphernalia well calculated to strike awe into the minds of the culprits brought before them. We were told as we sat there, that the custom was to hold the courts only at night, and with no other light than that of the moon. The criminal sat facing the judges and the moon, while the judges themselves sat in the shadows. There was no covering to this place of judgment, so Paul stood beneath the open sky. Before and below him was the market-place. Beyond that, the city, with its tens of thousands of busy multitudes rushing here and there in the throb and beat of life. Turning to his left, he could see the restless, surging sea; to his right, the Stadium, with its circling seats for eighty thousand spectators to the races and wrestling-matches. Near-by, he could see the gleaming tombstones, marking the site of the city of the dead; and round about it all, like a rampart, the environing mountains lifted their giant forms; and above all the blue empyrean, maybe flecked here and there with a passing cloud.

All this, and more, was about this great Apostle to the Gentiles as he stood on Mars' Hill. Was it not enough to "stir his spirit"? He had "encountered the philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics"; had listened to their babblings, and vain, unsatisfying reasonings. And now they had taken him to this place of judgment, and stood waiting about him to hear what he would say. His teachings were different from theirs, and they "would know, therefore, what these things mean." They who "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing" were now waiting before him. With a master hand he touched that on which they prided themselves most,—their devotion to their gods. The streets of their city were lined with their gods, and temples and shrines crowned every available

point; and that they might leave out no divinity, they had erected an altar "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD." This he takes as his text, claiming to be to them a revealer of this unknown God,—Him "whom ye ignorantly worship declare I unto you." Pointing, not to the Acropolis crowned with its temple made with hands, the glory of all Greece, and wonder of the world, but to the heavens above, the blue sea, and the mountains, and the plain, he exclaimed, "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands [pointing to that before them]; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed anything [such as the gifts piled about the image of Minerva], seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things: and hath made of one blood all nations of men [pointing to the representatives of all nations before him], for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being [even this you know]; as certain also of your own poets have said, 'For we are his offspring.' Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device [such as occupy your temples, even the material of which was made by God]. And the times of this ignorance God winked at, [he brings it home to them with all authority]; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day [not night, beneath the moon's light, as individual culprits come], in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

Judge ALL MEN, not only the living, but the dead. The sleepers in yon graveyard should rise, and stand before this Judge, no one hiding in the shadow, no one overlooked.

The impression was deep and pungent; and although some referred the matter to another day, saying, "We will hear thee again of this matter," yet "certain men clave unto him, and believed; among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite [the very ruler of the temple that overshadowed them], and a woman named Damaris, and others with them."

Henceforth, Mars' Hill, though naked, and bare, and washed, and changed, will be a new place to me.

From the Acropolis we could see the island of Salamis, girt by the sea, on whose waters one of the most celebrated battles of Grecian history was fought, — the battle of Salamis.

Xerxes with his millions had invaded Greece, and seemed ready to overrun and with his sheer numbers crush this little nation that filled the world with its learning.

We afterwards pass through the waters on which the six hundred ships of the great Persian were overpowered by the three hundred of the Greeks. We had pointed out to us the point of land overlooking the whole, where the great leader of the largest army the world has ever seen sat and saw his hopes go down in remediless ruin, his proud ships wrecked and burned, and his army utterly demoralized.

Near Mars' Hill is another noted place. It is the rocky forum or platform on which Demosthenes stood and delivered one of his most celebrated orations. We visited this memorable place, and Brother Pepper, inspired by the memories of this mighty orator of the past, stood, and in rotund accents repeated part of that other great oration, —

> "You 'd scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage.
> If I should chance to fall below
> Demosthenes or Cicero," etc.

He did not even neglect to speak with pebbles in his mouth, Miss Anna Scales furnishing him with the latter, that he might be a real Demosthenes.

Not a great way from this point is a prison hewn in the solid rock, in which, we are told, Socrates drank the deadly hemlock. In the largest chamber is a circular opening at the top, to let in the light.

But as everything round about this renowned hill has been changed, not only by its changing fortunes, both in a political and religious aspect, even the elements have slowly but surely changed the physical features of the hill. Almost every vestige of what man had placed upon it, and the very earth that once clothed it in beauty, have been swept away, leaving but a bare, grinning skeleton of rocks. Thus we can no more form a correct

idea of its appearance when Minerva's Temple gleamed upon its summit, and Paul lit it with the glory of the gospel, than we can of the few moldering bones of the soldiers of Marathon, on which we gazed the day before in the Museum.

ATHENS. — (Continued.)

From the Acropolis one can see the new walls of the Stadium, being built with the money left by M. Georges Averoff (one million dollars). Here is where the Olympian games were celebrated. This spot was selected by Lycurgus, 350 B. C.

These games were celebrated at another point until Lycurgus made the change. Two parallel hills, joined at the upper part, formed the groundwork of the Stadium. Around on these hills, seats were built, making an amphitheater very much the shape of an elongated horseshoe. It covers an area of 80,000 square yards. It is 854 feet long, and will seat 70,000 people.

The building of the present seats is of the most substantial character. All are of white marble, built against the solid hills, and rising one above the other in regular order. In clearing away the *débris*, they found the old starting-post, — a marble column eight or ten feet high, with two faces looking in opposite directions. This they have set up as a starting-post again. The design is to restore the old Olympian games. Between the Stadium and the Acropolis stand the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, said to be the second largest ruin in Athens. It was commenced 500 B. C., but not completed until A. D. 126. Thirteen columns are still standing. They are of the Corinthian order, and are fifty-four feet high. A few years ago, one of these columns was blown down by a storm, revealing the manner of their construction. They are composed of sections, or drums, some five or six feet in length, fitted one upon the other with such accuracy that one can with difficulty, even at this age, discover the joints.

A most interesting day was spent in a trip to the Temple of Mysteries, some fifteen or twenty miles from Athens. This was the objective point for the racers and combatants of the Olympian games. A torchlight procession was formed after night, and marched all the way to this temple. The road to this temple was called the "Sacred Way." Midway, they passed the Temple of

Daphne (Apollo's), also those of Ceres and Venus. Near these ruins a part of the road is shown, which is in a fine state of preservation. Near the Temple of Daphne is the Grove of the Nymphs, composed wholly of pines.

The ruins of the Temple of Mysteries cover several acres of ground. A part of the wall, built in the eleventh century before Christ, is still in existence.

There is also a circular well near the Temple of Pluto,—part of the Temple of Mysteries. It was down this well that Proserpine is said to have descended to the regions of Pluto. At this temple those who were entitled to them were initiated into the Mysteries.

Near the site of this temple, Æschylus, one of the earliest of the Greek tragedians, was born. He it was who wrote "Prometheus Bound."

One of the finest pictures in Athens, I saw in King George's Palace, representing Prometheus bound upon the rocks. One can almost see him writhing upon his flinty bed.

While near this temple we witnessed a primitive scene. Two men and two boys, in bare feet, with their pants rolled up to their knees, "treading the wine-press." The press consisted of a room eight feet square, in the rock. The floor inclined to one side, in which was an opening for the escape of the juice. Several bushels of grapes were thrown into this press, and they were in, tramping out the wine. It is said that no instrument has ever been invented superior to the human foot for expressing the juice of the grape. As we approached it, the men and boys tramped and pranced all over the mass, the juice squirting from under their feet, and coming up from between their toes with a slushy noise that was very suggestive of a delightful drink. One of the boys ran and got a glass, and when the luscious stream was running through a basket to strain it of its impurities, he filled it and handed it to me. But I was n't thirsty. And being a strong temperance man, I handed it to the young ladies. They also refused.. Strange how particular some people are. One of the boys, after being out a while, jumped in again without the formality of even wiping his feet. But I suppose he thought that was n't necessary, as the skins and juice would soon cleanse them after he got in.

The best-preserved temple in Greece is the Temple of Theseus, built 460 B. C. It is near where Paul saw the altar "To the Unknown God." Here the victors were given an olive branch and a vase of oil from the sacred olive tree. This tree was guarded with reverence. The penalty of death was awarded any one who should cut the smallest branch from it. This tree was sacred to Minerva. Near this temple was the double gate. In entering the city, one had to pass this double gate. No doubt Paul passed through this gate, and looked upon the tombs near it, some of them dating back to 600 B. C. The figures in bas-relief on these old tombs were very fine and well preserved. One covered the graves of Pomphela and sister, who were of high birth, and once had the honor of weaving the robe of Minerva. These robes were renewed once in five years. It took more than a year to make one. When the day came to place it on the image, it was taken in great pomp to the entrance of the temple. There it was placed in the hands of a man, a boy, and a woman, who entered the temple and placed it on the figure.

The Tower of the Winds was particularly interesting to me, because of its scientific nature. It is comparatively a small building. Octagonal in shape, facing the cardinal and semi-cardinal points of the compass, every façade is adorned with a figure, in bas-relief, representing a wind. These figures are in a fine state of preservation. The top of the building was surmounted by a brass Triton, which revolved, and showed the direction of the wind by a wand held in his hand. In the center of the tower was a clepsydra, or water-clock. It was fed from a fountain on the Acropolis, and lines are chiseled on the stone to show the time. This tower was built 35 B. C.

We visited the palace of King George of Greece. The building is plain, but substantial, and very chaste in its ornamentation.

We were taken through the three great ball-rooms, the main one with five immense chandeliers. As they were covered, we could not see the workmanship. We were conducted first into the Queen's reception-rooms. All the furniture was upholstered in light-colored silk. We were shown the stand in which bread and salt is placed for the guests, according to a Russian custom. The Queen is a Russian.

We next visited the King's reception-room. This was up-

CORINTH.

holstered in red. The throne was but a large chair, set under a rich canopy at one side of the room. Some of the paintings about the palace were very fine.

CORINTH.

Corinth was not on our programme, but Brother Pepper and I planned a trip to this, to us intensely interesting, city. It is perhaps fifty or more miles from Athens, and is reached by rail. A new Corinth has sprung up at the railroad station, which is about an hour's drive from the site of the old city.

In crossing the Isthmus of Corinth we passed over the ship-canal that was cut some fifteen years ago. Nero planned to make this improvement, and actually began the work. His excavations were found by the engineers who surveyed this one. It is a very fine piece of work. We took a carriage at the station and drove over to the site of the old city. A little straggling village of tile-covered mud huts stood upon the *débris* that lay on the lower part of this once famous city. As we stood and looked at the smooth surface of the hills that sloped to the sea, it was impossible to conceive that beneath this twenty or thirty feet of earth lay the ruins of this "Eye of Commerce," as one of the ancient historians called it. But the bare rocks of the great mountain that stood above it spoke eloquently of how they were disrobed of all their soil, that now covered like a thick mantle home, and street, and palace, that lay pulseless beneath it. A few years ago, Dr. Richardson, an American, began explorations on the site of Corinth. He had read carefully a book written by Pausanias before the time of Christ. This book described most accurately all points of interest in the city. He described the Temple of Apollo, and the relation of other places and buildings to it. When the earth from the mountains came sweeping down, it covered all the city, but left seven columns of this temple standing part of the way above the surface. Centuries, in their slow march, went by, and clothed the soil that lay above the dead city with verdure. Shepherds drove their flocks, and pitched their tents above it. They even drilled holes in the classic marble pillars of the Temple of Apollo, in which to place their tent-poles while watching their flock. The simple husbandman built his hut and planted the

olive and the vine over scenes of wealth and glory, and knew it not. The waves of the sea still lapped the shore, and the winds blew as of yore, but no vessels came and went, laden with the commerce of the East. Corinth was dead and buried, and the only visible monument to mark its grave were the fragments of seven broken pillars of the Temple of Apollo.

Pausanias in his old book said, so many paces east of the Temple of Apollo is the broad roadway that leads from the sea to the Propylæa. Here Dr. Richardson sunk his first shaft in his search for Corinth. His faith and perseverance were rewarded by striking, in due time, the marble pavement of this way. For months he toiled on until a large section of the street was uncovered. It was in a perfect state of preservation. The street itself is twenty-four feet wide, with sidewalks raised some eight or ten inches, of between eight and nine feet, making the whole over forty feet in width.

Pausanias spoke of a fountain so many paces to the east of this way. Dr. Richardson found this, too, with two perfectly preserved bronzed lions' heads as outlets for the water. He cleaned out the fountains, and after some search found the original stream of water, which he had conveyed to the little village below; and from this fountain we drank. The water was pure and good.

The site of the Temple of Apollo was then exhumed. The building originally had forty-two columns, and from its commanding location must have been very beautiful. Near it he unearthed the Fountain of Glauce. This fountain is of great size, and has four departments, all hewn in the solid rock of the mountain side. The water, in entering each chamber, was shot from the mouth of a bronze lion's head. The stream that fed these fountains has not yet been discovered. An interesting legend connected with this fountain was related to us by our intelligent and well-read guide.

Jason, who stole the golden fleece from Colchis in Asia Minor, was assisted by Medea. (While on the Bosphorus, a week later, we had the place where Jason and Medea crossed that strait into Europe pointed out to us.) They went to Thessaly. There they had two children born to them. After this, Jason took the two children and went to Corinth, where he fell in love with Glauce, King Crayon's daughter. But Medea followed him, and begged of the king to see him. At first refused, she asked the

privilege of seeing and kissing her children. Jason brought them out to her. She then besought him to give up the idea of marrying Glauce, and still remain true to her. She appealed to him by the memory of her former devotion and sacrifice for him. She called to his mind that she had assisted him in securing the golden fleece, and to prevent her father from following them she had killed and cut to pieces her own brother. But he was deaf to her entreaties, and married Glauce. Then she sent Glauce a finely wrought bridal robe, but poisoned it. When the bride put it on, the pain of the poison became so intolerable, that she went to the great fountain of Corinth, and throwing herself in, was drowned. From thenceforth it was known as the fountain of Glauce. The citizens of Corinth murdered the two children of Medea, and they were buried near the fountain. Two pine trees stand over their graves. Dr. Richardson has been so successful in following the directions of Pausanias, that he says his next search shall be for these graves.

This fountain, Pausanias tells us, reaches back into mythological times. The legend we have given is related by Euripides, who quoted it from the writings of Homer.

Dr. Richardson expected to find some rare and beautiful works of art in the form of statues, etc., but has been disappointed so far, although he has uncovered but a very small part of the great city, but he thinks he has exhumed the most important buildings. When we remember that this proud city was first shaken down by an earthquake, then despoiled of its treasures of building and art by ruthless hands, that built and adorned other cities with the spoil of this one, and that for ages the winds and rains have been wrapping its earthly winding-sheet about it, it is no wonder that its chambers are bare and its beauty destroyed.

But we were more interested with Paul's connection with this city than in its present ruins, or even its former architectural grandeur. He was here when its streets were busy with commerce, and the houses were full of people; when her idols were honored and her temples echoed to the tread of multiplied thousands of worshipers; when the knowledge of the true God was only treasured in the obscure synagogues of the Jews; when death was a terror, and the grave looked upon as an impassable gulf between the living and the dead; when funerals cast a pall upon heart as well as bier;

when corruption and vice were at a premium, and debauchery ran riot. Then it was that this stranger of another nation, without a herald to declare his coming, and without prestige, arrived alone with the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ,—the religion that taught the folly of all their worship, breaking with a single stroke both their idols and their temples,—threw himself into the surging tide, not to sweep on with it, but to arrest it, to cleanse it of its impurity and corruption.

All the wisdom, all the learning, and all the wealth of that great city had been lavished upon their temple and their worship, and now all this was to give way under the "foolishness of preaching." While before him was a crucified, mangled man, beneath him was a despoiled grave, a ruined empire,—the empire of darkness,—above him was the opening heavens, and the Lord God of heaven and earth spake in tones of love, declaring himself as their God and Father, their Redeemer, and their Friend, their Comforter and Guide; for to those who accepted him he was "wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption."

He spoke, but his "speech and preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." He touched on all the points, even of their private life, overthrowing all corruption and uncleanness, and setting up in their stead purity, fellowship, and love. He took hold of the tenderest ties of the human heart and entwined them about the cross of Christ, ennobling and beautifying them. He tenderly laid his hand in the hand of the sorrow-stricken and bereaved, led them out to the graves of their loved ones, and told them of the resurrection, until their sorrow was turned into joy, and they went away to comfort others with the same blessed words.

There was not a phase of human life, in time or eternity, upon which he did not turn the glorious light of the gospel, which was "the power of God, and the wisdom of God." But this was not to be effected in a day. The momentum of sin, corruption, and idolatry was too great to be arrested at once. Night and day, and from house to house, the work went on for a year and six months, until Corinth shone as one of the fairest jewels in the crown of the Redeemer.

I could not but call up these scenes in the life of Paul as I walked where he had trod, and looked upon the wrecks of buildings that he had seen in their glory.

As I wandered over these deserted ruins, and later, as in the cities of Asia Minor, as well as in Greece and Italy, and saw the cloud that rests on all these lands, and heard the call to prayers from the minarets, where Christ is forgotten, I asked, Was all of Paul's labor lost? And had a moral *débris* covered the beautiful church of Jesus Christ forever from the pure light of heaven? and will no faithful, loving hand remove the pall, and let the living light of heaven fall once more upon it?

Paul is gone, Corinth is no more, but while darkness may cover this land, and gross darkness this people, yet the Sun of Righteousness still shines, and in the far West he bathes the nations in a flood of light, and Paul, through his epistles, written originally to churches now dead and buried, cheers and comforts multiplied millions of the devout followers of our Lord Jesus Christ. The prophet, when he heard a voice saying, "Cry," turning his eye aloft, asked, "What shall I cry?" and the answer came, "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flowers thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth forever."

So God's word shall not return — has not returned — to him void, and lands that are afar off rejoice in the glorious light. And as the sun sweeps round the world, enlightening every land, may we not look for the glory of God to follow on, until this land, once the cradle of the Church, and this people, once his peculiar treasure, become his again?

CHAPTER VI.

Constantinople — Dogs — Policemen — Fire Department — Museum — Mosque of St. Sophia — Howling Dervishes — The Sultan — Smyrna — Grave of Polycarp — Beirut — Baalbek — Abana River — A Syrian Wedding.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Leaving Athens in an Austrian steamer, we were soon sweeping up the Ægean Sea, among the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, many of which mark epochs and instances memorable in mythology as well as in actual history. As we threaded the Dardanelles, the site of ancient Troy, so long lost to history, but recently brought to light by the spade of the archæologist, was pointed out to us. We could scarcely realize that a spot now not differing from the long line of coast on which it lay, with neither castle, moat, nor wall to mark it from the rest, was the scene of such a siege as it endured, and was the scene of one of the greatest epics of the world of literature. There, in the Hellespont, we saw where Leander courageously swam it, and in later years, when Lord Byron would weave his daring deed in verse that was to immortalize his name, to prove that the deed was not impossible, performed the feat himself.

On Sunday morning early we reached Constantinople, the capital of the Turkish Empire, and the residence of the Sultan. We soon reached our hotel, having had our passports carefully passed through the hands of the proper authorities, and our baggage examined by the custom-house officers. After a hasty toilet we were conducted by our guide to the English church, where we listened to a service of over an hour and a sermon of twelve minutes. The rest of the day I spent in my room. In the evening, our little party gathered in one of our rooms, and we had a service of our own. I preached as best I could, and our hearts were greatly comforted. We felt the presence of the Comforter as we worshiped in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This is a great city of over one million inhabitants. It lies on

both sides of what is known as the Golden Horn, which is a spur of the Bosphorus, running nearly at right angles from the strait. The mountains, or, rather, high hills, rise on each side the Golden Horn, and the city is built on these slopes. It would be hard to find a more beautiful and picturesque location for a great city. One side is called Constantinople-Pera, and the other Constantinople-Stamboul. Nearly, if not all, the foreigners, the ambassadors, consuls, and legations live in Pera. But the city is not confined to the two sides of the Golden Horn, but far up the Bosphorus, to the Black Sea, a distance of eight or more miles, the shore is lined with houses, that reach back to the very summit of the hills. This is called Galata. While across the strait, on the Asia Minor side, is Scutari, lining all the shore, and reaching far back into the country.

The Bosphorus, which is the strait that connects the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea, is a most beautiful sheet of water, a mile or two wide, not running in a straight line, but meandering in the most picturesque and beautiful manner. Upon its waters lie all sorts of craft, from the battle-ships with their frowning guns, the great sea-going iron steamers with their crowds of passengers, the pleasure-yachts with their trim and graceful proportions, to the hundreds of sloops, brigs, yawls, and all the lesser craft. There is never a moment when some of these vessels are not gliding across its silvery surface, presenting a picture of life and animation most charming.

Two immense iron bridges span the Golden Horn, that are crowded from early morn till late at night. A footman is charged one cent, in our money, for crossing this bridge, and I never was on it, that there were not from five hundred to a thousand rushing, jostling, and pushing one way or the other. I was told that the revenue from one of these bridges was one thousand dollars per day.

All the Turks wear a small vizorless red cap or fez. Standing at one end of the bridge, you see one restless, tossing sea of red caps in view.

Here and there in the moving mass is a wagon, a carriage, or a loaded donkey. But more numerous than all, there are men with burdens on their back that would load a horse. I never saw men bear such burdens. I saw one man with his body bent

parallel with the ground, moving in a brisk walk with a good-sized sofa, two upholstered and two common chairs piled up on his back; another with a thirty-six-gallon barrel full of some sort of liquor on his; another with a large basket with about twenty good-sized watermelons on his, and another small basket, with three in it, carried swung before him; another with a large wardrobe; another with a spring bed, etc. They have a sort of leather cushion, something like a soldier's knapsack, resting on the small of the back, and on this they pile the load. These burden-bearers thread their way through the crowded narrow streets with a celerity that is marvelous. In Rome, Naples, and Athens the ass is loaded down with baskets of grapes and other fruits, but here the men are the beasts of burden. They go through the streets crying their wares all day long.

DOGS.

Constantinople is noted for its dogs, not for the nobility of the breed, not for the color or sagacity, but for sheer numbers. In a short drive of fifteen or twenty minutes to the hotel, I counted 184. One evening our party was invited to the house of a banker to spend the evening. On our return, in a ten-minutes' walk, a gentleman and I counted 190. There are said to be from 150,000 to 180,000 in the city. They lie curled up on the sidewalks, in the streets,—anywhere they can find a place. No one disturbs them. Everybody walks round them, even if he has to leave the sidewalk to do it. I am told they are regarded as sacred, and it is thought that in the transmigration of souls these curs are the receptacles of many of them. If a cabman should run over one, he is arrested, and must pay a fine of $1.25.

As a general thing, they are very quiet, but some nights they make the welkin ring. Every dog has his range or beat. Should he dare go out of it into another, every dog in reach rushes upon him, and he has to fight for his life. If he survives the fight, which is not always the case, he is let alone, and may dwell in peace among his new friends.

I asked our guide how these dogs lived. He said everybody feeds them. The hotels, instead of carting off their scraps and garbage, have it emptied in the streets, and it requires but a few

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, STAMBOUL, CONSTANTINOPLE.

minutes for every vestige of it to disappear. I saw a man empty out a lot of scraps; around him were twenty-five or thirty dogs, and you may rest assured it was no quiet meal.

They are born, and live, and die in the streets. They call no man master, and as far as I could see or learn, they know no man after the flesh, but are perfectly independent.

POLICEMEN.

Another thing that struck me was the movements of the policemen at night. They go through the city at night, ever and anon striking the pavement with a heavy club or walking-cane. This beat is answered in some adjoining street by a similar beat. Sometimes they seemed to telegraph to each other through these beats. Of course this custom has come down through the ages; and may not our term, referring to the section to which a policeman is confined,—his "beat,"—have come from this custom?

These Turks are behind in everything except soldiering. Everywhere else we have been, they have the electric light, especially in the hotels. Here they use candles. And their fire department is a curiosity. We visited the tower of Galata, located in the heart of the city. It is 180 feet high. We climbed to the top of it. I had quite an experience when I reached the top and stepped out on the balcony. A strong wind caught my hat and sent it flying through the air, and landed it on the top of a house far below. I never expected to get it again. But our guide had watched it in its flight, saw where it landed, and pointing it out to one of the firemen, sent him after it. Away he went, and in due time we saw him mount to the tile roof and seize my wayward tile. One franc paid him for his trouble. But I commenced to tell you about the fire department and its plan of operation.

Ten or twelve men remain in this building night and day. One is ever at the uppermost point of the tower, that commands a view of the whole city. If he discovers a fire, he at once rushes down to the room below and announces the fact and the location of the fire to the department. Each member seizes a stick, very much like an ox-goad, some four feet long, with a lance or bayonet on the end of it, and with a prolonged howl goes rushing

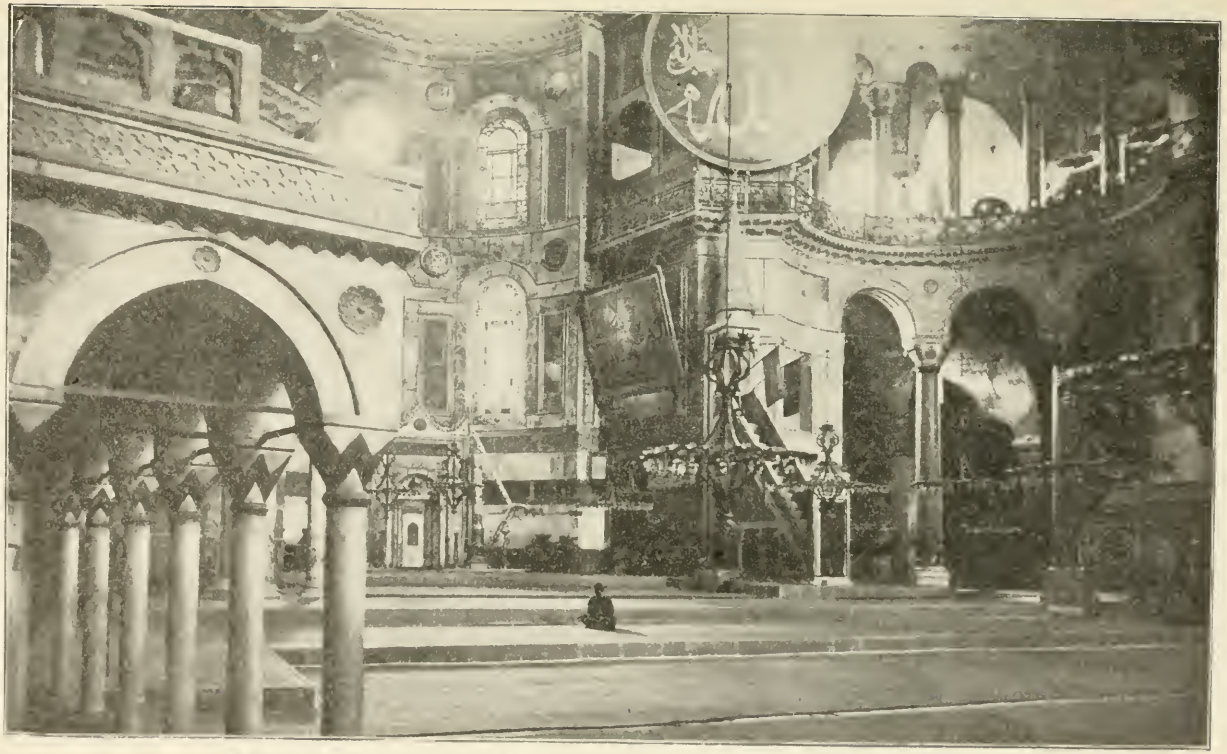
through the street to various parts of the city to announce the fact to the authorities. The stick with the long goad on the end is to clear the way for the runner in the crowded streets. Where that howl is heard and that goad is seen, everything but the dogs get out of the way. When the fact of the fire is duly announced, the engine is brought out, mounted on the shoulders of four men, who proceed with all haste to the fire. If it has not burned out by the time they get there, they proceed to put it out, if they can. It would be a very persistent blaze that would survive such treatment, and continue to burn.

The chief of the tower-gang gave us an illustration of how the thing is done. He armed one of the men with a goad, and had him run round the large circular room with a prolonged howl that would have done credit to a steam-whistle.

MUSEUM.

Our first visit in Constantinople was to the Museum of Antiquities. Here the old, the strange, and the curious have been gathered, especially archæological treasures from Egypt and the far East. The grave holding the ashes of the dead, held sacred by all nations, from the untutored savage to the most learned and enlightened, has been, in these latter days, ruthlessly invaded, robbed of its sacred trust, and not only the coffin, but the grinning skeletons of the dead, have been dragged out and put on exhibition. These archæologists are no respecters of persons, for they have unearthed all, and have displayed all, from the unshrouded skeletons of soldiers who died on the battle-field, to kings and queens, whose persons, in life, were held too sacred to be approached without ceremony, and whose lifeless bodies were laid away as sacred dust. These have been laid side by side, in this practical age, in which sentiment must give way to science, and men find and read lessons writ in the mold of death.

We were shown sarcophagi from Sidon, Smyrna, and Tripoli, some of them said to be two thousand eight hundred years old. One from Babylon, of wood, covered with metal, showed marks of great age; another, of terra-cotta, was untouched by the tooth of time. There were found treasures of gold in many of the royal coffins. In one, side by side with human bones, were found the



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, STAMBOUL, CONSTANTINOPLE.

heads of three dogs. What a dead man could do with dogs in the land of shades is not recorded.

The sarcophagus of the King of Sidon was one bought from the Egyptians, and was a most elaborate and costly affair. Two tall candelabra and a throne captured by the Turks from the Persians when they overran all the East, we also found in this Museum. I was much interested in the ornaments of gold dug up from the ruins of ancient Troy by Dr. Schliemann.

In Salonica was found a bronze statue of Jupiter, some two feet in height, with two rubies for eyes, as bright as the day they were set in the image.

From the tomb of Alexander the Great was taken a wreath of pure gold, representing the laurel. In this case the brow faded, and crumbled back to dust, while yet the laurel wreath was fair. But it is not my purpose to describe this Museum. I have only singled out a few objects, that you may form an idea of its character and contents.

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

Constantinople is a city of mosques and minarets. The mosques are all dome-shaped, sometimes swelling up in a single dome, like a great bubble, amid the sea of houses; at other times the main dome is surrounded by half-domes on every side, that increase the area and yet maintain the shape desired. The minarets shoot up by the side of the mosques, slender, round, and tall, ending in a sharp point like a well-trimmed pencil. High up the minaret is a sort of collar, or circular room, in which the man stands to call to prayers. Five times a day, from each and every one of these minarets, are calls to prayers made. The Moslem rings no bells to summon the faithful to duty, but, rain or shine, the long, whining cry from these human tongues floats over the city like an echo from the skies. Some mosques have but a single minaret; others have four, and even more. A few minutes before the hour to call, a man appears in his little aerie and waits the appearance of those in other minarets; for they can see from one to the other, and just at the proper moment the mellow notes come floating down from all alike. There is a fascinating sweetness, that seems to fill all the air as voice mingles with voice above, and descends like interlocked notes of music

on the ear. For several minutes the air is resonant with the melody of this call. Then the faithful repair to the nearest fountain,— many of these fountains stand near the mosques, for the use of the worshipers,— where they wash their faces, their feet, and their hands, and then go in to pray. I had formed the idea that the great majority of the Mohammendans heeded this call to prayers, and, no matter how busy, would drop all and respond to the demand of Allah for devotion. But the call makes scarcely a ripple on the surface of the surging, seething crowds of busy men in the streets.

We first visited the Mosque of St. Sophia. Before we entered, large and small slippers were furnished us, according to the size of our feet, to be put on over our shoes, that no unhallowed leather of a "Christian dog" might touch the floor of this holy building. As there was no leather at the heel, and no strings to hold them to the foot, our party found great difficulty in keeping them on, and we went sliding our feet along the loose matting on the floor, in the most amusing way. More than once mine slipped off, and I stepped with unhallowed feet on the sacred floor. The main dome rests upon four great pillars, some twenty-four feet in diameter. This dome is supplemented by four half-domes, that rise to a lesser height, giving a most pleasing effect to the whole interior of the building. There are no seats in a mosque, but the worshipers either stand or kneel on the thick matting with which the stone floor is spread.

While going through the mosque we saw several who, our guide told us, were learning the Koran. The learner and teacher were both seated on the floor, repeating in a loud sing-song voice sentence after sentence.

This is one of the most noted mosques in the empire, and it has passed through many vicissitudes of fortune, and its floor has run red with the blood of thousands of unfortunate human beings.

Our guide told us that at one time, when many thousands of Christian bodies lay piled up upon the floor, that Mohammed II rode in on their dead bodies, with sword in hand, and, striking one of the stone pillars with his sword, leaving a great gash in the stone, that was shown us, said, "The massacre must stop." He dashed his bloody hand against the stone wall, and left its print full size on the rock. He also showed us a hole in the side of a

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, STAMBOUL, CONSTANTINOPLE.

marble pillar, which, he said, had holy water in it when it was a Christian church, but when it was converted into a mosque, the water dried up. When it becomes a Christian church, it will have water in it again. And he had each one of us to thrust our finger in the hole, to see how cold it was, as evidence of the truth of his statement.

Two of the pillars of this mosque were originally taken from the ruins of Baalbek to Rome, and then from Rome brought to this church. Two of them came from Jerusalem. It is wonderful how many of these massive pillars have been transported over land and sea, as the result of war changed the fortunes of empires and nations.

Hanging up upon the wall of this mosque is a prayer-carpet 1,320 years old, said to have been used by Mohammed the First. I estimated it as ten by twenty feet in dimensions. It may not have been quite so large.

In the end of the mosque toward Mecca are two wax candles, said to be solid wax, eighteen feet in height, and eighteen inches in diameter at the base. They are lit once a year, in the month Ramazan.

Hanging on the wall is a holy stone, said to have been brought from Mecca. It is several feet square, and highly polished. Clean handkerchiefs are carefully rubbed over the surface of this stone and then crumpled up in the hand, held firmly, and taken to the sick, and a touch is said to heal them. So we see that all the superstition is not confined to the Christian church.

When we took a trip up the Golden Horn, we passed a Turkish cemetery where tens of thousands are buried, some of them in vaults like rooms. In one of these, a celebrated howling dervish is buried. The vault has a window, facing on the street, grated with wire gauze with meshes half an inch in size. The whole surface of this window, from top to bottom, is literally frazzled with tiny bits of rags, and threads of garments tied there by those afflicted with fever, plague, or whatever ailment they may have; the poor, deluded creatures hoping thus to be cured of their ills and infirmities. These shreds are torn from their own garments, and tied here, in faith of healing from the dead body of this sainted dervish.

HOWLING DERVISHES.

While speaking of the howling dervishes, let me tell you, if possible, of their performance as witnessed by us; for the scene is beyond my powers of description. The whole thing must be seen to be understood or appreciated.

We took a boat and went across the Bosphorus to a town in Asia Minor called Scutari. We first went through the English Crimean cemetery, where over six thousand brave English soldiers, who fell in the Crimean War, are buried. Not far from this resting-place of the English dead, is a Turkish cemetery, that has been in use for ages. Tall cypress trees stand thick all through it. I was told that more than five millions of dead bodies lie in this cemetery; and as I looked at the forest of gravestones that bristle like hoar frost over the hundreds of acres, and know that they lie buried one above another, three and four deep, I could well believe it. On the edge of this cemetery of the centuries are the lepers' quarters. We looked in as we passed, and saw men, women, and children crowded in these quarters, excluded from all association with the outside world, as if buried before they were dead, right on the borders of the charnel-house, where dissolution will complete the work commenced in their rotting bodies, before death has loosed all the bands of life. Our guide placed some coin on the top of a post, and called to them. A man came out as we drove off, and, raising a hand, from which the fingers had dropped, saluted him with thanks. In a few minutes' drive we reached the howling dervishes' quarters. It was a good-sized room, with a railing round two sides, some six feet from the wall. This space was for the spectators. On the side toward Mecca was something like an altar, with rugs spread before it. The other side was for the entrance of the dervishes. The floor was bare, but near the middle several sheepskins were spread, in two rows. Upon these kneeled six men, three on a side, facing each other, with the space of but a few feet between them. Eight men with white skull-caps on their heads stood in a row at the far side of the room, facing the altar. A large, very black negro, at least six feet four inches tall, with a loose black robe, and heavy turban on his head, stood near, facing them. Soon the six kneeling men began a low wailing chant, perfectly

TURKISH CEMETERY, CONSTANTINOPLE, WHERE OVER FIVE MILLION BODIES ARE BURIED.

rhythmical in its movement, to which the eight men responded by swaying their bodies, first from side to side, and then back and forth, humming in unison to the chant of the six. At times they bent their bodies until their foreheads almost touched the floor. Then they would fairly swing their heads, first over the right, then over the left shoulder. This exercise became more and more violent, and the howl waxed louder and louder. Soon the big negro laid aside his black robe and his big turban, revealing a light-colored striped robe as long as the black one, and a white cap like the rest. He took a position as the center of the row. It took but a few moments for him to work himself into a fever of excitement, and, negro-like, he entered the lists for all that was in it. His long, lithe body seemed as if made of india-rubber. He could throw his face to within a few degrees of where the back of his head ought to be, and bring it back with a swing that would turn it as far over the other shoulder. You could hear his howl above the combined notes of all the others. At times the howl would give place to a sort of explosive grunt as the head swung over the shoulder. There were a number seated on mats and sheepskins round the room, and they would often sway from side to side and join in the howl. The old sheik, or high priest, was moving about the altar, performing some sort of ceremony. The negro, especially, became more and more excited. The sweat rolled in rivulets down his face and neck. As he howled and grunted, the slobber and sweat were thrown from him until the gentlemen and ladies who stood immediately behind him had to seek another point of observation, to keep from being spattered. Not a moment's rest, not a moment's cessation, in the awful strain to which they subjected themselves. When more than half an hour had passed, and no respite, I asked, Can human nature bear up much longer under this strain? I noticed one man begin to grow unsteady on his legs. His howl seemed to die on his lips, when at last he came down on his face in a faint. Two men went to him, but he was unconscious. They rubbed his hands and arms, and after a time he opened his eyes, and groaned like a dying man. We could easily distinguish the noise he made from the louder, united howl of the others. After some minutes he revived sufficiently to stand up, and as soon as he was able took his place again in line, and resumed his exercise, but I could see

that it was feebly done. This incident did not make a ripple on the surface of the scene, so far as the dervishes were concerned. In fact, had he died it would have been looked upon as rendering the thing more sacred, and this man a saint. One of the nine, who had long, snaky hair, either accidentally or on purpose shook off his cap, then, as he would jerk his head forward, the tangled mass of hair would fall all over his face; then the next jerk would send it over his shoulders. He presented a most repulsive sight. After a time he retired without ceremony. But on the others went, until one of them, who stood in front of a post, struck his head against it, and in the next moment he reeled and fell on his face with a yell that was startling. Two men took hold of him, and he struggled like a madman, yelling "Allah" at the top of his voice His face had the most demoniacal expression I ever saw. It was positively frightful. I thought his mind had given way under the awful strain, and that he was a raving maniac. They held him for a while, when he began to make a noise like a dying bullock. Neither did this incident cause the least interruption in the ceremony. This fellow also calmed down, and after a while took his place in line, and again joined in the howl.

In the mean time the old sheik was working with some decanters of water, and some handkerchiefs and children's clothes that had been sent in from the sick. He walked in front of the line of howlers, and between the six seated on the sheepskins, and held up the water and clothes, and then returned to the altar. Two of those that had been in line, and four others, came forward and threw themselves on their faces as close together as they could lie, in front of the sheik. He deliberately stepped upon their prostrate bodies and walked from one to the other, on their hips, then, turning while standing on the last man, walked back on their shoulders. They then rose, reverently kissed his hand, and two of them fell on their knees and kissed his feet. Then six more came like the others and threw themselves on their backs before the sheik. He walked on these as he did on the others. One old fellow, whose head was quite gray, became excited, and after he had been walked upon, bumped his head several times against the bare floor, hard enough, it seemed to me, to addle his brains, if he had any.

WHIRLING DERVISHES, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Two children, perhaps eighteen months old, were brought in, and when they saw the sheik, they screamed as if they would go into fits. One was taken out, but the other was held toward the sheik, who looked into its eyes, as if to charm it, but whenever he approached it, it would throw its head upon the man's shoulder and scream.

After seeing what I did subsequently, I wondered if the old fool had not also walked on them, and they wanted no more of it. My readers may think I have used the term "fool" unadvisedly. In a few minutes after this, four little children from six to eight years of age came in, and three of them lay down on the floor, and the old sheik deliberately stepped with all his weight on their prostrate bodies and walked across them. I could see the face of one of them, and it had an expression of perfect terror in it. I could but feel sad and sick at heart, and say, "How long, O Lord, shall this gross darkness rest upon this benighted land?"

After nearly an hour, the line of howlers became quiet. The big negro, who, I was told, is a colonel in the Turkish army, sat down to rest, but not to cease to sweat. He pulled out an immense handkerchief and mopped away with it, but he might as well have tried to wipe a spring dry. He had gotten up such a great head of steam, that it took some time to cool his boiler.

The next day we went to see the whirling dervishes. We did not see the beginning of their exercises. They were in a large circular room, and some nineteen were up, whirling like tops. They lifted their arms in a most graceful manner, and whirled the whole body around as steadily as if they were on a pivot. They wore very full white skirts, that came below the knees. When whirling, these skirts stood out at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees or more. All were barefooted, and as the whole nineteen were whirling noiselessly at the same time, it made a very pretty sight. When the whirl was over, each one went to the sheik and kissed his hand. Then each passed the other and kissed him on the cheek, and passed out, and the show was over.

THE SULTAN.

On Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sunday, we went to see the Sultan of all the Turks go to his mosque to say his prayers.

The mosque is near his palace, and the event is one of great importance. Eight thousand or ten thousand soldiers turn out in their best uniforms. The street leading from the golden gate of the palace to the mosque is sprinkled with clean sand just before the hour for prayer. It is sprinkled its entire width, taking many cart-loads of sand, and just before the carriage passes over it, men are employed sweeping it smooth with brooms.

We went to our point of observation more than an hour beforehand. Leaving our carriages at a good place from which to see the Sultan when he passed down the street, we walked up in front of the golden gate. Everything that could be done to make this gate beautiful has been done. An hour before twelve,—the hour of prayer,—the foreign ambassadors, legates, and consuls began to arrive, also all the generals of the Turkish army,—in fact, all the dignitaries of the empire who were in Constantinople were present. Innumerable officers in bright uniforms were passing and repassing for more than an hour. Then company after company, and regiment after regiment, came with bands and banners, until the air was full of music, and all a-flutter with banners and pennants, and every street was crowded with soldiers, some on foot and some on horseback. There was one regiment of lancers on horseback, each soldier bearing a long lance, from which floated a red Turkish pennant, triangular in shape, bearing the crescent and star in white. About the palace, regiment after regiment was massed, all in the most beautiful uniforms. In due time all who did not belong on the street — we were of that number — were ordered off. We went to our carriages, occupying a commanding view of that portion of the street down which the Sultan's carriage was to pass. One of our party had a kodak. A secret policeman came and had it put out of sight. No one is allowed to point even a cane or umbrella during the procession. Three minutes before twelve, a man appeared in the minaret, ready at the exact moment to call the faithful to prayers. At last the palace gate swung open. The man in the minaret gave a long, weird call in a sing-song tone, that reached the ear of every one, and out came a richly adorned carriage, bearing, we were told, the Sultan's mother, and some other members of the royal family. These were permitted to drive up to the door of the mosque, but not to enter. As soon as the carriage reached the door, the horses were

THE SULTAN GOING TO PRAYERS ON FRIDAY.

quickly taken from it and led away. Then came a carriage, made as beautiful as art could devise, groomsmen in gorgeous uniforms walking by the horses, on each side, with the Sultan seated alone on the back seat. Two officers sat in front of him. He wore on his head what appeared to be a red fez, or cap. As he passed down the street, he bowed and waved his hand several times to those near him. Shouts broke from the vast crowds of soldiery and people, that formed a solid mass in all the streets round about the mosque. We got a good look at His Royal Highness. A rich carpet was spread upon the steps of the mosque for the Sultan to walk upon. What was done in the inside we could not see, and did not know. But we thought it a great ado to make over one man's prayers. Every Friday this scene is re-enacted.

After the Sultan entered the mosque, a saddle-horse with gilded trappings was led to the door to wait the pleasure of His Highness; for no one knows whether he will choose to return to his palace in his carriage or on horseback, so every preparation is made for any whim. We did not wait to see what he would do, but returned to our hotel, thanking God that we had been taught a better way, and that "God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accept with him."

I was struck with the dress and appearance of the soldiers, and said to our guide, who is himself a subject of the Sultan, "These soldiers must be well paid."—"No," said he; "they receive but one medjidie [about one dollar] per month, and sometimes they are not paid for eighteen months."—"But," I said, "they are well fed."—"No; very poorly. But they are loyal to their country, and are willing to fight and die for their Sultan."

Such a country I have never seen. Blessed with a climate almost unsurpassed in the world, with much of her soil of the best, on the highways of commerce between the East and the West, with millions of people under her dominion, and yet her roads are rough, unworked trails running over mountain and dale, where they were located thousands of years ago.

Constantinople, located on the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, with unsurpassed advantages, and a population of over a million, has only two insignificant factories,—one for the manu-

facture of glass, and the other of cotton goods. With streams of clear, good water all around her, they drank of the rain-water collected from the roofs of their houses, in cisterns, for centuries, until French capital put in an aqueduct and brought in an unlimited supply of fresh water, only a few years ago. With electric power at their door, and petroleum to be had for a song, the rooms of their best hotels are lighted with candles alone. The Sultan can spend tens of thousands on a parade at his weekly prayers, but never a dollar to improve the highways of his dominion, or add to the comfort of his people. Living in splendor himself, with a family of two thousand wives, and with all the nations of Europe propping up his throne, why need he care for the welfare of his subjects?

We visited the great cistern underlying the Stamboul side of the city, called the "Cistern of a Thousand and One Columns." Our guide had a man wrap a large piece of sacking saturated with coal-oil round an iron rod, and, lighting this, we went down a series of stone steps, and by its light viewed a small section of the vast cavern. Long rows of stone columns stretched away into the darkness. A few feet of water stood above the slush and earth that filled the bottom to a depth of twenty-five or thirty feet. Parts of this vast cistern were cleared out years ago, and some silk-weavers established their looms; but some one reported to the Sultan that these poor, miserable people were making bombs, and they were driven out, and that part of the cistern was closed.

The week we spent in Constantinople was crowded with interest, and at the same time my heart was often made sad at what I saw and heard. There is enough of truth, and even righteousness, in the Mohammedan religion to make it more difficult to displace it with the spiritual worship of God through Jesus Christ, than if they had no religion at all. Then the type of Christianity by which they are surrounded, with its altars, its images, its candles, and its venerated relics and crucifixes, its indulgences and its penances, put in contrast with their faith in one God and one prophet, makes it harder still.

SMYRNA.—GRAVE OF POLYCARP.

The second day after leaving Constantinople, we reached Smyrna, where our ship lay for several hours, putting off and

TOMB OF POLYCARP, SMYRNA, ASIA MINOR.

taking on cargo. We embraced the opportunity of taking a run on shore, and seeing what we could of this one of the cities of the seven churches in Asia to whom letters were sent. Learning that the Christian martyr Polycarp, one of the fathers, and a disciple of John, was buried here, we hired a carriage and drove up the hill that rises back of the city, and found his tomb. It is marked by a monument of stone, perhaps ten by five feet, and nearly six feet high. It is covered with cement and is neatly whitewashed. They say there is but little doubt but this is the actual place of his burial. A great city lies beneath his resting-place.

We passed Patmos at night, and I did not see it. About noon we passed Coos. Sailing under Cyprus, we had that island in sight for several hours.

BEIRUT.

We reached Beirut, Friday morning, October 11th. The ladies of our party did some shopping in the morning. In the afternoon our dragoman had our horses brought out for trial. He had carefully selected them in Jerusalem, and brought them over to Beirut for us. His name is Seleh el Karey.

He was born at Shechem, is six feet six inches high, and weighs about three hundred pounds, with no surplus flesh. He is the most powerful man I ever saw, and does not seem to know his own strength. His dress is purely Oriental. He wears a turban, and his pants, if such they may be called, flow down between his feet, within three inches of the ground. They were gathered thick about the waist, both before and behind, and were of the finest material. One or two pair were of silk. One of the ladies asked him how many yards were in a single pair, and he said twenty-seven. He wore a sword in proportion to his size, and a pistol at his belt. He is in great favor with the sheiks through whose territory we are to pass, and this insures us perfect safety. He knows every road and village in the land, and seems to have the right of way everywhere. He goes right into orchards and olive-yards, where we eat our lunch or pitch our tents. We usually camp near some village, and he hires some one of the place to patrol our camp while we are asleep. This always gives him favor with the people.

He is a member of the Baptist church in Shechem, and seems

to be a devout, consistent Christian. Miss Redford, who has charge of our party, has had him with her several times, and says he is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and thoroughly trustworthy. But his traits will be developed as we proceed with these notes.

When our horses were brought up, he selected such as he thought would suit each one. When the ladies came to mount, a muleteer stood at the head of the horse, while "Solie," as his first name is pronounced, took the lady up in his hand as if she were a little child, and set her on the horse. I stood by and watched the operation. There did not seem to be the least effort on his part. One lady was not seated to her notion in the saddle, when he lifted her off, holding her up as if she were a babe, arranged her skirts and set her back on the horse without placing her on the ground. One of the ladies weighs over two hundred pounds. He lifted her to the saddle with seemingly as little effort as he had lifted any of the others.

Our first ride was to the Protestant College, under the presidency of Dr. Daniel Bliss. For forty-six years he has been struggling with this school, and has made it a power in this land. The day we visited the school they were just organizing, as this was the second day of the term. They had 415 the first day, and expected to have fully 600 before the term closed. They have pupils from all parts of Syria, some from Greece, and many from Egypt. Many Mohammedans attend the school. The Bible and its teachings are made prominent. All the pupils are required to attend daily prayers, and services on Sundays.

I met several graduates of the institution, on the steamers. They had all learned to speak English, and spoke in the highest terms of their alma mater.

We found Dr. Bliss a white-haired veteran, sweet of spirit, polite and courteous, and in great favor with both teachers and pupils.

There are quite a number of stone buildings already erected, and others in process of erection. It is like "planting a handful of corn upon the mountain," and we trust it may yet "wave like Lebanon."

We rode some five or six miles to try our horses, and they behaved very well, except one, which kicked one of the Arabs over, who was trotting along behind him, urging him to a better gait.

BAALBEK.

Our plan was to begin our horseback-ride from Beirut, to end at Jerusalem. But we changed our purpose somewhat, sent the horses on ahead with our contingent of twenty-three Arabs, while we went some distance by rail to a point near Baalbek. Just at sundown we reached our camp near Baalbek with its wonderful ruins.

We had passed over a part of the Lebanon range and up through a broad plain lying between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. We here noticed a circumstance that we found to prevail all over Syria and Palestine. There are no farm-houses,—no families live out in the country; but they all live in towns and villages, and go out in the morning to their work, and return in the evening. This fact turns light upon an expression frequently found in the Scriptures; such as, he "sent his disciples into the towns whither he himself would come," and "I must go to other towns." The people were all living in towns, and to preach to people in the towns was to reach all. It has always been dangerous to live in the country, and not less so now than formerly. In going up this beautiful valley we saw our first camp of Bedouins, or "sons of the desert." I counted some thirty of their black tents, and thought of the expression, "black as the tents of Kedar."

Just like their fathers of three thousand years ago, they make their tents of the same material, and have no certain dwelling-place. Their camels were roaming about over the plains, and here and there we could see their horses and asses.

Baalbek is now an insignificant place, with houses built of material, much of which has been taken from some of the grandest buildings in the world. In fact, for ages the ruins of Baalbek have been a veritable quarry, from which have been taken the choicest pillars, stones, and images with which to build and ornament cities and temples both in Asia and Europe.

Our camp was pitched near a great fountain, or spring, that breaks out at the foot of a mountain, forming a river without the aid of tributaries. Mills are run by its waters not a quarter of a mile from the spring. We could not but admire our tents. They were made of the very best material, and lined with patchwork of the most elaborate patterns. They remind one of a "crazy-

quilt," except that there was much of order in the placing of the pieces and the arrangement of the many bright colors that compose it. My tent was made of twelve main sections, running to a point at the apex. I counted the number of pieces in one of these sections, and then estimated the number in the tent. There were 4,620. Each piece was sewed upon a background, and I was told the whole was done by men.

It is astonishing how quickly these tents are pitched and struck by our Arab attendants. As soon as we are through with them in the morning, they are taken down, rolled up, and packed upon horses and asses. Our valises aud traveling-bags are carefully placed in waterproof bags, and packed in the same way. Great boxes of dishes and table-ware, with stoves and cooking utensils, are alike piled upon these patient little animals, and packed over the roughest road leading over the highest mountains, and if anything has ever been broken or injured, I have not heard of it. We are not afraid of losing the smallest thing.

Miss E. Redford, who has charge of our party, and who has conducted several other parties through Palestine, told me of an interesting incident. Two young men of the party, going to take a swim in the Sea of Galilee, left their watches in her care,—one a very valuable one. The young men failed to call for their watches that night, and she placed them, with her own, under her pillow. The next morning they broke camp very early, and she forgot all about the watches until they had been riding several hours. When she discovered her oversight, she called to Solie, who was then her dragoman, as now, and told him about it. He told her to rest perfectly easy; she should find them under her pillow that night when she got to camp. When they rode up to their camping-place, they found all the tents pitched. She rushed in and felt under her pillow, and there were the three watches, just as she left them.

We spent the Sabbath at Baalbek. All of our party mounted their horses and rode over to view the ruins. I could not reconcile it to my conscience to go; so remained in camp until their return. We had preaching in camp at one o'clock.

On the preceding Saturday night, as Miss Redford, Solie, and I were discussing the Sunday excursion to the ruins, I told them that the first ruins I ever heard of when a boy were the ruins of

Baalbek, and that even then as I read a description of them, I felt a desire to see them. But although within a few miles of them, if my only chance to see them was by going on the Sabbath, I would pass them by, and deny myself. Then was manifested the nobility of Solie, that never lost any of its luster during the entire trip. We were to start Monday morning by 6:30. He said, "Doctor, you shall see the ruins; I will get up at four o'clock, Monday morning, and go with you." I told him I appreciated his kindness, but that I would not hinder the rest of the party a moment for my pleasure. He said he would be back in time. Accordingly, he and I were in the saddle while the stars were still shining, and by the time day was fully abroad I was amid the grandest ruins I had yet seen. The Temple of Jupiter and the Temple of the Sun were larger and more magnificent than anything of the kind, either in Europe or Asia. Very much had been recently uncovered. In fact, the archæologists are even now at work. The Rev. William Jessup, a missionary, son of Dr. Jessup, who has been on this field as a missionary for forty years, in visiting me Sunday afternoon told me that there was an immense keystone that could not be lifted without the aid of jacks; that the manager had borrowed some from the railroad company, who could spare them only on Sunday. He had a number of men working for him, and the only man who refused to work on the Lord's day was a native Syrian. He went to church. But to return to my visit to the ruins. We were the first on the ground. We startled an owl from his home among the great carved stones that rested on the few remaining pillars of the Temple of Jupiter, bringing to mind the prediction of the prophet with reference to the temples of the idols being given up to the owls and the bats, these creatures of the night. Here was a temple, that in its perfection and glory exceeded any building of the kind that the world had ever produced, enough of it being left after the sweep of centuries to strike the beholder with awe and admiration. Great pillars of the purest and best marble, some sixty feet high and six feet in diameter, made in the highest style of the art, crowned with capitals of exquisite workmanship; others, some six in number, seventy feet high and seven feet in diameter. From the plan of the building as revealed by the spade of the archæologist, there were originally fifty columns of

this latter size. Enough was left to give an idea of the stupendous grandeur of the building, and the utter desolation that lay all about these silent witnesses of its former grandeur, made the picture complete. Of all the ruins I had visited from Rome to this place, these struck me as the greatest.

Baalbek was once a great city. Standing at the head of the great valley lying between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges of mountains, at the fountain of the river bearing the same name, being right on the great artery of commerce between the East and the West, it was at one time one of the busiest and most important cities of the Old World. Beneath the soil, on every hand lie streets, and homes, and palaces that have been buried for centuries.

An object-lesson was given us of how this and other cities have been buried in this land. Some ten days before our arrival, a fearful storm and cloudburst had struck the mountains round about. It tore great rents in the mountain sides, and brought down hundreds of thousands of tons of rock and earth. I saw places in the valley where hundreds of acres of land had been covered with rocks. Six persons, four horses, and a number of sheep and goats in Baalbek and vicinity were drowned, and the carcasses of the animals still lay near the city. In places, the roadway was covered to the depth of several feet with earth and rocks.

If one storm could do so much, how easily can we believe that the storms of centuries could bury whole cities many feet deep.

As I have said, the spring at Baalbek forms a river right where it breaks out from under the mountain. It was interesting to watch the people as they came and went. Men and women with their water-jars would wade right into the spring, stoop down, fill their vessels, and wade out again. There was not a convenience about the whole place.

Great flocks of sheep and goats were driven up, from time to time, to be watered. They, too, would wade in, or, goat-like, kneel on the bank and drink. Camels would usually go in and lie down in the cool water. Some of the goats had the longest ears I ever saw. They would hang down by the side of their heads like long pieces of leather, and when they drank, their ears would be submerged several inches in the water. I saw some

that were fully twelve inches long. Then there were sheep with immense tails as large as milk-pans. These tails are composed of pure fat. I saw many of them dressed and hanging up in the market.

As we passed through Baalbek in the early morning, I saw a strange sight. A man drove a band of sheep along the street. A butcher stepped out of his shop and bought one. He brought out a shallow vessel, and, throwing the sheep down in the middle of the street, held its head over the tub, cut its throat, and waited for the poor struggling thing to die. The street was not more than ten feet wide, and as it lay in the middle, we had to ride round it. Other butchers had theirs hung up in the front of their little shops, and were skinning and dressing them, where all passers-by could see the operation.

We began to realize that we were in a land where customs never change. I wish I could describe to you the plows we saw here and all over Palestine,—simply a crooked stick with a single handle, drawn by two diminutive oxen. Not a single change or improvement has been made since Elijah "found Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth."

A French company, seeing the vast amount of merchandise carried from Beirut over the mountains of Lebanon on donkeys and camels, and in wagons, conceived the idea of building a railroad to Damascus, and did it; but the people will not patronize it to any extent. The freight trains go by almost empty, while we passed long strings of camels, and a number of wagons with four mules driven tandem, toiling slowly over the mountains. What do they want with a railroad, when camels can carry such loads?

As we passed up the great valley that lies between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, we visited what is said to be the tomb of Noah. It is in a building, and is, by my measurement, 110 feet long. The Moslems claim that Noah is buried here. What part of this long mound his body occupies, or whether they believe he fills it all, we were not told. Nor was it a matter of any special importance.

We reached our camp at Baalbek just at night, Saturday, October 12th. From this point we were to live in camp, and the

roads we travel, if roads they can be called, were in the condition they were in a thousand years ago. How the ladies, some of them never having had any previous experience in horseback-riding, ever made their way over them without accident, is a mystery. In contrast to Roman work and Roman enterprise, we passed a section of an old Roman road cut through the solid rock on the side of an immense mountain. Inscriptions still exist on the sides of the cut. Josephus tells about this road, as a most remarkable one. On the opposite side of a deep ravine we could see the remains of a great aqueduct, also built by the Romans.

ABANA RIVER.

We soon began our passage down the Abana River, one of the famous rivers of Damascus. It was as clear as crystal, and dashed and foamed amid the rocks in a most charming manner. We could but recall the expression of Naaman the Syrian, who was commanded of Elisha to dip himself seven times in the river Jordan, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

A SYRIAN WEDDING.

We camped on its banks at a town called Husiniyeh. After supper we were invited to a Syrian wedding. Of course we expected to see both bride and groom, as well as witness a ceremony of marriage.

We entered an open court. On one side the men were seated; on the other, squatted on the ground, were a lot of women and children. On one side of the court was a long pole, or log. Our party took possession of that, seating ourselves in a row. A large sheep stood among the women and children, as much at ease and at home as any one.

The women were making some sort of comments on our party, and seemed to be much amused. We asked our dragoman what they were saying. He said they thought I was the father of the whole crowd.

Soon after we were seated, one of the men began a low, wailing song, in a falsetto voice, which was soon accompanied with regu-

lar clapping of hands in unison. Then a piper with a rude reed flute stepped out, and six men joined hands round him, and began a most peculiar dance. The crowd became more and more excited, and the dancing increased in violence. This continued for some time, and the six seated themselves, and one of our muleteers, taking a dagger in each hand, began to dance and to flourish the knives in the most weird and desperate manner. He would fall upon one knee, and flourish the knives so rapidly, that the eye could not keep up with their movements. All the while the bridegroom was moving about, the observed of all observers. I asked where the bride was, and when she would appear. I was then given the history of a Syrian marriage.

When a young man sees a girl that he wants, he goes to his father and gets him to go to the father of the girl and ask for her. She may care nothing for him,—in fact, may love another. But that makes no sort of difference. If the father of the girl is pleased with the proposition, he goes to the local sheik, who fixes a price that the young man is to pay her father. He then sends her a ring and a veil, and the whole matter is settled. They are as good as married. Matters may stand for weeks, or even a year. When the girl is ready, the friends of the groom assemble at his house, as in the instance we saw, and sing and dance and enjoy themselves for three nights, the bride making no appearance all this time. After three days she goes to his home, and they begin life together.

Once after this—at Tiberias—we were invited to a wedding, and the ladies of our party were invited in to see the bride. They found her seated among a lot of women, undergoing a process of tattooing her feet. We men were ungallant enough to peek in through the window, and we, too, saw her. She was a mere child. They had a green substance, something like hot sealing-wax, smeared over the top of her foot, and with a sharp instrument they were pricking the figures into it. The most painful expression was on her face.

CHAPTER VII.

Damascus — Plowing and Thrashing — Cæsarea Philippi — Sea of Galilee — Bethsaida — Capernaum — Tiberias — Mount of Beatitudes — Cana of Galilee — Mount Gilboa — Nazareth — Nain — Shunem — Carmel — Jezreel — Naboth's Vineyard — Dothan.

DAMASCUS.

Our first objective point was Damascus. This is perhaps the oldest city in the world. It has had an uninterrupted existence as a city for over four thousand years. It has held high position in the drama of empires and nations. The greatest and most renowned men of the ages have been within its walls. Other cities have flourished, both in the East and in the West. Their glory has waxed and waned, and in many instances they have passed away, but this gem of the Orient has held its place among the great and permanent cities of the earth.

It stands in the heart of one of the most fertile spots of earth. Environed by mountains on all sides, with the Abana and Pharpar furnishing an abundant supply of water at all seasons, its beauty is unrivaled. The valley is perhaps twenty-five miles across, every way, and so thickly planted is it with trees, that when you stand on a mountain above it, it looks like one vast orchard. I was told that almost every kind of nut in the world can be grown here.

The city occupies a position in the center of this great valley, reminding one of a rare gem set in a ring of beauty.

But the connection of this city with the conversion of St. Paul gives to it its chief charm. Tradition has fixed the spot where the "light shone round about him," some five or six miles from the city, and a shrine has been built above it. But I pay no sort of attention to these traditions, so long as I have my Bible. Paul tells us, "As I drew nigh the city," not five or six miles from it. If the walls of the city stand any way near where they did then, we know by what gate he entered. We found the street that is

still "called Straight," and were shown the house of Judas, to which Ananias was sent with instructions to enlighten him with reference to Jesus, who appeared to him in the way.

Our guide took us to what is called the "house of Ananias." We were taken underground to a chapel or church fitted up with altar, candles, etc., and the very place where Ananias baptized Paul was pointed out to us. But the trouble lay in the fact that Paul did not go to the house of Ananias to be baptized, but the reverse. But when the Catholic Church fixes a place, it is fixed. Scripture and propriety have nothing to do with the matter.

The street called Straight is roofed in, and is a very busy street. Little shops and stores abound on each side, and there is a living stream of men, women, and children flowing through it, interspersed with loaded donkeys and camels every few steps. The camels and donkeys have the right of way, and everybody has to dodge and dart around to keep from being run over or scraped off the street. While in this street, I saw a funeral procession. A number of men, one bearing an immense banner, came in from a side street, uttering the most doleful wail. The corpse was laid upon a bier without a coffin, and borne upon the heads of two men. The whole passed like an apparition, and was gone. The event made not a ripple on the restless, surging sea of humanity.

On one of the streets were a great number of workshops. Some were blacksmithshops, with a small fire of charcoal between some rocks, and a little anvil. The smith was perched on a little stool, from which he worked his bellows and hammered his iron. But the most amusing thing was to see the carpenters turning. They would pass the string of a long bow round the piece to be turned. With the right hand they gave it a rotary motion, while they held the chisel in the left hand and toes. They seemed to be as skillful with one foot as with the other. All the time the turner sat on a very small stool, reaching right and left for either his tools or his wood.

We were shown the wall down which it is said Paul was let when he escaped from Damascus. But great changes have taken place, both as to the city and the walls thereof. For ages no one was particularly interested as to where Paul made his escape. The fact of that escape was recorded, and that was all that any-

body was particularly interested in. The age of building churches over spots now made sacred and worshiped had n't come, and many generations passed, and the knowledge of the particular locality passed with them.

The house of Naaman the Syrian, outside the walls, was pointed out. It is now in ruins, and withal looks quite modern.

After leaving Damascus we pitched our tents at the base of Mount Hermon. This historic mountain, so celebrated in Scripture history, stands out most prominently in the great range that glorifies the south of Syria and the north of Palestine. Its sides are bare. I could not see a tree or shrub from base to summit, and while in the rainy season it may be clothed with grass, not a vestige of it appears now. Brown and bare, it lifts its massive sides up against the blue sky in silence and majesty. During the ages the storms and rains that have beat upon its brow and sides have stripped away much of the earth, and left great ledges of gray rock belting its sides.

In our journey we came upon a lot of native men and women at a wine-press, working with their crop of grapes. They had a press, and had digged a "wine-vat" in the solid rock. Throwing the grapes, stems and all, into a large receptacle, men and boys with bare feet tramped them to pieces. They were then heaped up, and a long heavy pole was used as a prize to express the juice from the grapes. This ran down into the "wine-vat." A man went down a ladder set in this wine-vat, and dipped up the juice and handed it to another man at the top, who poured it into a large caldron, where it was boiled to a syrup. Quite a number of others were engaged in boiling the juice in smaller pots. The whole process struck me as anything but clean. In the first place, the mass as it came out of the wine-vat looked like very dirty dish-water. Some of it was strained through coarse sacks or bags that looked anything but inviting.

PLOWING AND THRASHING.

We, in our journey through Palestine, have often asked each other how these people make a living. It is true, we see them here and there with their little wooden plows scratching the surface of the ground, but the great body of them are huddled to-

gether in the villages, or are met on the highways, going, going. But the grape and the olive are great staples of food.

How they reap their grain, we know not, for the season was over, but we frequently saw their process of thrashing. It was of the most primitive character. Oxen are driven round over the grain, spread out on cleared spots, or thrashing-floors, sometimes drawing a sort of drag after them. They carry on this process until the very straw is ground up. Then they throw the grain up in the air, and the chaff and straw is blown by the wind to one side, and the wheat is left in a yellow pile. The process is carried still further with sieves, that are filled and skillfully manipulated, until every particle of dirt and chaff is removed. The grain is then piled up in the center of the thrashing-floor, great piles of weeds are placed round the heaps, and men lie by and guard their treasure night and day. As the night grows cold, they make a fire of the weeds, and hover over the flame and embers. Not a particle of the chaff or straw is wasted, but all is gathered up to be fed to horses, donkeys, and camels. When these animals have eaten all that suits their taste, the balance is carefully gathered up and mixed with mortar with which to cover their roofs.

Everything that cannot be used in any other way, and that can be burned, is turned into fuel. And necessity has taught them economy in the use of fuel, that is almost marvelous. Mountain and plain have been robbed of trees and shrubs, and the people have been driven to the use of things for fuel, that would be repulsive to us.

I saw one of our muleteers gathering some three or four little pieces of corn-stalks, not as big as my little finger. He arranged some rocks, and placing his little tin cup of coffee over it, by judicious management he boiled it. I could understand the expression of the widow who told Elijah that she was gathering two sticks, that she might bake bread for her son and herself, and die.

CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

As we entered the town of Cæsarea Philippi I saw what threw light upon another expression in the Scriptures. The costumes of the people have undergone no change for centuries. The pants

of the men are made very full, hanging down between the feet, sometimes within three or four inches of the ground. We are told of a man who went out and gathered his lap full of wild gourds. With such pants, a man has a lap, and as I entered Cæsarea Philippi I met a man with his lap full of a sort of squash.

We spent the Sabbath at Cæsarea Philippi, and at eleven o'clock our little company gathered under some great old olive trees, and as I stood in the shadow of Mount Hermon, where doubtless the transfiguration took place, I took that for my theme, and as I discussed it, I felt that I was not far from the spot on which the Saviour stood when he made this wonderful display to the chosen three. We know that he was in the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, and that he went up into a high mountain; and this one high mountain answers to the description. As I looked up its sides I could see over a roll where he could have been shut out from a vision of the plain below, and yet be high up the mountain. We all enjoyed the discussion of this unique passage in the life of our blessed Lord.

Most of our party took a stroll to the great fountain or spring that forms one of the sources of the Jordan. Brother Pepper and family and I felt better to remain in camp. But that we might not be disappointed, Solie, our dragoman, took us by starlight to the place, next morning, and we were by the early daylight enabled to see all that was to be seen. We were back in camp, ate breakfast with the rest, and were ready for our day's ride.

During this morning's ride we were shown what purported to be the tomb of Terah, the father of Abraham. But Terah died in Haran, and I have no idea that Abraham brought his body over forty miles for burial.

We were now in a part of the inheritance of Dan,—the part that they took from a people who "had no business with any man." Naphtali had his inheritance here, in the far north. We found some very large and fertile valleys here in his inheritance. At night we camped at another great spring breaking out at the foot of the mountain. It was of sufficient volume to turn a rude mill with two sets of stones. We went into this mill. In the one small room were three donkeys, a horse, and a goat, all mixed up in the most familiar manner. Cleanliness is not one of the characteristics of this people. Our camp was in sight of Lake

Merom. The country immediately surrounding the lake is too marshy to allow of a near approach, so we had to content ourselves with looking at it from a distance.

The moon was about its full, and our muleteers amused us by playing bear. One of them dressed in a goatskin robe, and danced, and cut up all sorts of capers, led by another, who was about as funny as the bear. They were like children at play.

The next day we met five missionaries. We were glad to meet with English-speaking people, and we sat for some time on our horses and exchanged courtesies.

Just before reaching an old Roman bridge, that was built before the time of Christ, we saw an immense herd of buffaloes. There were perhaps five hundred in the herd. The people here use them as cows, both as work-animals and for milking purposes.

At lunch, to-day, we saw, for the first time, the papyrus growing. It was near a Bedouin camp, and some of the children brought us some of the stalks from the low, swampy ground on which they grew.

To-day we passed one of the new Jewish colonies, recently established by Baron Rothschild. He has bought up large tracts of land in Palestine, and is establishing Jewish colonies. The houses occupied by these people are in marked contrast to the squalid mud and stone houses occupied by the natives. Trees have been planted, roads have been built, and everything looks clean and nice. We talked with some of the Jews. They told us under Turkish rule they have a hard time. The tax-gatherers exact ten per cent, and then take as much more as they please when they come to collect. They have no assurance of safety for anything they possess.

We are now in the land of Israel, the inheritance of God's people, but it is theirs no more. They rejected their own Messiah, and for nearly two thousand years they have never had a home nor a nationality. Strangers in strange lands, they live only by the kindness of other peoples. They, as a people, have been preserved as distinct and separate from other people as if they had been set alone in the earth, and yet they have no home. Strangers with a strange tongue, and with a strange religion, roam over the home of their fathers, and should they venture to enter their land even by purchase, they have no assurance of either life

or property. Both civilly and religiously, they have been "broken off" from the parent stem, and aliens have been grafted in, and, contrary to nature, are partakers of the root and fatness of their possessions. There is no doubt about the power of God to graft them in again. But will he do it? I answer according to the Scripture: not if they continue in unbelief. Rothschild may pour out his millions,—may, if possible, buy up the whole land, and make proclamation to his people all over the earth to come and occupy, but unless He who said "Without me ye can do nothing" shall smile upon the enterprise, the whole will fail. The laws of God's righteousness are as unalterable as his own being.

SEA OF GALILEE.

At a little after nine o'clock, October 22, 1901, I first caught sight of the Sea of Galilee. From the top of a hill I looked down upon it. There was not a ripple upon its placid face. I thought how often my Lord and Master had seen it from the same point, as, his heart burdened for the good of the people, he toiled thither and looked down upon its placid face. He could see the thickly populated towns that then stood near it, that now are in ruins, —the very sites of many of them now lost.

We could see where the Jordan came in on the north, and the beautiful grassy spot was pointed out where, tradition tells us, he fed the five thousand. We know that tradition cannot be far wrong in this case; for there are Scripture points enough to hold us near the place.

BETHSAIDA.

We reached the sea at what is called Bethsaida. But little of the town is left, and maybe this is not the Bethsaida of Christ's time. There are, however, enough of ruins lying about to mark it as a place of some importance in the far past. And whether it be the place of that name in Christ's time, yet doubtless it was one of the places where he preached and taught.

We took our lunch on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. We wandered up and down its rocky shore, and called up many a scene in the life of Christ as they are recorded in the New Testa-

ment. But the towns round about, where our Lord so often went, and preached, and wrought his miracles of healing and mercy, where are they? They were then full of people; the land smiled with prosperity and plenty; but that wonderful peasant of Nazareth lifted his hand, and in accents of pity said, "Wo unto thee, Chorazin! wo unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee."

CAPERNAUM.

We asked our dragoman where these cities were. He pointed to a hill not far off, and to a little heap of ruins, and said, "That is Capernaum." But there is some doubt about it. And thus of other towns mentioned in this doomed catalogue.

The name of Jesus is honored and loved round the world. The wealth of nations has been poured into the lap of his church; his words are treasured above all things beneath the sun, while the very sites of these doomed cities have been lost to the world. The very mountains round about the Sea of Galilee, which were once clothed in verdure, are now grinning with bare, gray rocks from summit to base, the most desolate object I saw in all Palestine.

Locked in the arms of these hard, desolate mountains lay the Sea of Galilee, as beautiful as when Jesus walked its shores or rode on its surface, its clear and limpid waters mirroring rock and mountain with faultless perfection on its placid surface. It was the one thing in Palestine that filled my ideal, and that had remained through the ages the same unalterated, unalterable gem of the Jordan. Its waters were as clear and sweet as if they had just broken from their fountains in the mountains of Lebanon. When we reached its shores in the morning, its surface was as

calm and smooth as a sea of glass; but while we were at lunch a sudden wind came down upon it, that lashed it into waves and covered it with whitecaps.

TIBERIAS.

Our plan was to go by boat to Tiberias, and notwithstanding the strong wind, we embarked in two boats, rowed by a lot of stalwart Arabs. After rowing some miles and turning a certain point, they hoisted up sail, and we fairly flew over the waters. Time and again, when an extra large wave would strike us, the spray would fly entirely over the boat; but it was a most exhilarating ride, and one that will linger as a sweet memory with us all.

When I saw the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Thank God! here is one thing over which they can build neither church nor mosque; where they can't change the location, and where, when we see it, we know it." From what I have seen all over this country, if men had the power they would lift this beautiful sea from its setting, transport it to some foreign land, and build a church over its waters, and light the whole with wax candles.

We landed at the town of Tiberias, where we camped for the night. Brother Pepper, his son Sam, and I took a swim in the sea. It was indeed a luxurious bath, and we felt very much refreshed.

This town of Tiberias was here in the time of our Lord, but I do not remember that any visit of his to it is ever mentioned. John tells us, in a parenthesis, "Howbeit there came other boats from Tiberias, nigh unto the place where they did eat bread, after that the Lord had given thanks."

It is on the western shore of the sea, which is twice called the Sea of Tiberias by John. We look in vain for other cities made memorable by the visits and miracles of Jesus, and yet this Roman city stands now where it did in the days of the incarnation, the haven of ships now, as then. A mile or two below the town are the celebrated hot springs, that have been regarded as a sanitarium since long before the days of Herod the Great. When taken with his last sickness, he was borne hither, but too late. The water, as it comes out of the mountain side in a great stream, is hot

enough to scald one, and is exceedingly salt and bitter. I found it wholly unpalatable.

MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

Not far from Tiberias we were shown the ruins of the village of Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene. Near the Sea of Galilee is pointed out the Mount of Beatitudes, where, it is said, the Sermon on the Mount was preached. I do not know whether this be the place or not, but I thought, as I sat and looked upon the place, that I could reconcile a seeming difference between the account given by Matthew and the one by Luke. Matthew says: "And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying"; while Luke says: "And he came down with them, and stood in the plain." There is a beautiful plain at the foot of a mountain, that slopes up the side. It would be the most natural thing in the world for Jesus to ascend a few steps up the mountain side, while the crowd stood in the plain below him. Matthew, referring specially to the position of Christ, would place him on the mountain; Luke, thinking more of the multitudes, would locate them with their teacher on the plain.

On this same plain another scene was enacted that set at defiance the teachings of this Prince of peace. He taught men to love their enemies, to do violence to no man; he forewarned men that they that take up the sword must perish with the sword. Angels sang at his birth, "Peace on earth, and good will to men."

But here on this very plain, where he delivered the most wonderful sermon the world ever heard, the Crusaders marshaled in his name, and proclaiming they were fighting for his cause, met the Moslem hosts under Saladin, and after a most fearful conflict, when the blood of Christian and infidel mingled in one indiscriminate stream, the cross went down under the crescent, and to this good hour the Mohammedan holds sway over all this fair land. The very lives of Christians are in the hands of these ignorant, bigoted hordes, that lord it over all the land.

CANA OF GALILEE.

At noon we reached the village of Cana of Galilee, where "Jesus made the water wine." It is a little, insignificant village, with no special mark about it. Of course we were taken into a church, and down under the ground, and shown the very spot where the miracle was performed, and they pretend to have preserved two of the water-pots. But as I have found everywhere, the clumsiness stamps the whole thing as a fraud. Instead of "water-pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews," they have two immense stone mortars — shall I call them? — six inches in thickness, set in the side of the altar. A child could see the fraud.

I saw a constant stream of women with water-jars on their heads going to and from the village to the fountain. I followed the procession till I came to the fountain. A dozen or more women and girls stood round about it. There was a square well, about three feet in diameter, and some ten or twelve feet deep. In the bottom was a stone standing a few inches above the water. The water poured in a constant stream through the bottom of this fountain. There were holes or niches in the two opposite sides of the well.

A woman would descend with her jar and take her stand on the rock, sinking her jar as deep as it would go in the water. She would then take her hand and throw the water in until the jar was full; then lifting it onto one knee, she would take a step up, change it over to the other; she would then take another, and thus toil to the surface. But if a number were ready to fill their jars at the same time, one would descend, and then a second would go half-way down and stand above her. A jar would be handed to the one at the bottom, who would fill it, and pass it to the one above her, who would hand it to one on the outside. When all were filled, the two would come up, and each one selecting her own vessel, lift it to her head, and return to her home. These jars would hold from four to five gallons.

It was astonishing with what ease even little girls would lift these jars to their heads and walk off, looking around and chatting as if it were merely play.

I was told that this was the only fountain in the village. It

must have been nearly half a mile from the extreme edge, and yet women had been coming and going thus burdened (every drop of water used in their homes carried on their heads) for thousands of years. No one had ever altered the arrangement or suggested a change.

More than a hundred yards below this fountain the water comes out into a stone reservoir from which flocks and herds are watered. There are stone troughs on each side of this reservoir. Men would dip the water up and pour it into these troughs, and the sheep, goats, and cattle would come and drink. I saw some of the same sort of contention over these troughs that took place thousands of years ago, as described in the book of Genesis.

As I stood above the fountain of bright, clear water, and saw those women drawing and bearing it away to the village, I wondered if the water turned into wine were not drawn and borne from this very spring. If this be the true Cana of Galilee, the answer is easy.

By an easy ride that afternoon, we reached Nazareth. Before reaching it, however, we enjoyed some views that were of thrilling interest. Away off to our right stood Mount Carmel, jutting out into the blue Mediterranean. As we sat upon our horses and looked over the country, we thought of Elijah and his wonderful contention with Ahab and the prophets of Baal. His great prayer of faith for the rain, that had been held back for three years and six months, was lifted to the God who had just answered by fire. We could see where the servant went to look over the Mediterranean for a sign of rain, and when that little cloud like a man's hand rose up as out of the sea, he arose from his knees and started for Jezreel. Off to our left, on a mountain top, stood the remains of this old city, and we could see every mile of the sixteen that he had to run over to reach Ahab in this city. It was a wonderful race, but not equal to the one that immediately followed as he fled for his life to Horeb.

GILBOA.

Our point of observation was marvelous. Near us was the plain of Esdraelon, or Megiddo, or Armageddon. More important battles have been fought on this plain than at any other point in all the land of Israel. Here Israel and the Syrians fought

most of their great battles; here the great Napoleon hurled his hosts against his foes. Just to our left rise the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and his three sons were slain in one day. I could not but call up the lament of David over the fall of these truly great men: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let their be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings."

Some five or six miles away from where the camp of Israel was that night is the little village of Endor, nestling up to the hill where Saul made that visit to the witch. We could see in the distance the site of Beth-shan, where the Philistines took the body of Saul and nailed it to the wall.

I shall ever after this have the picture of these plains, mountains, and towns in my mind as I read the history connected with them.

We passed through the little village of Shunem, where that great woman entertained Elisha, and built him a chamber on the wall. We saw the field, doubtless, where her little boy took sick, and we could look up all the way to Carmel, where she rode in such haste to lay her troubles upon the heart of the man of God.

NAZARETH.

After this day, crowded with so many scenes of interest, we camped at Nazareth. Before riding into town we ascended the hill just above the place, where we enjoyed a most charming view of the village and the surrounding country. This hill is called the "Mount of Precipitation," and tradition has it that here the Jews took our Lord to "cast him down headlong." But the record tells us "the brow of the hill on which their city was built." In the first place, the city is not built on this hill, and in the next place, I could see no place where a man could be thrown headlong. A little below the town is another hill, that is said to be the place. I ignored both these, and took a stroll through the town. I found several places where a man might be hurled headlong over a precipice from twelve to twenty feet to his death.

The customs of this people have never changed. They dig for

earth or stone for building purposes right among their houses, and some of these places may have answered Luke's description. Of course, the house of Mary and the carpenter-shop of Joseph are shown, covered with the inevitable church. Down under the church is a broken column, and we were gravely told that Mary was sitting on this column when the angel Gabriel appeared to her. The very crack through which Gabriel squeezed his way into her presence is shown. I became so thoroughly disgusted with all this fummery and nonsense, that I could hardly suppress my disgust. It was enough for me to know that here in this mountain town, that perhaps hardly has a feature of its original appearance remaining, our Lord had lived the greater portion of his life while on earth. Him I love, him I worship, but not a single spot he ever visited, merely because of that visit. I know I am not wanting in reverence or veneration, but it is mine to worship the Creator, more than the creature. But from my heart I do wish that the scenes of Christ's earthly connection had been left as he and nature left them.

There is a fountain in the heart of the village, called "The Virgin's Fountain," that supplies the whole place with water. A stream, perhaps half or three quarters of an inch in diameter, flows out of the rocky side of the fountain. I made two visits to this fountain, and at no time were there fewer than twenty or thirty women and children with their jars and pitchers, holding them under the stream to be filled. Such jabbering and pushing one hardly sees in a lifetime. I was told that day and night this scene is enacting here. I saw what appeared to be a sixteen-year-old girl fill two large jars. She set one on the curbing, lifted the other to her head, and then taking the one on the curb in her arms, moved off with an ease that was astonishing. Sometimes mothers would come with their babes, and placing the jar on their head, would set the babe astride of their shoulders, move off, balancing the jar and leaving the baby to hold on as best he could.

After supper our party gathered in the dining-tent, and I preached to them from that first sermon of Jesus at Nazareth.

NAIN.

We passed the village of Nain,—a very inferior village, with a fountain of brackish water near it. Mount Tabor came into view. It is one of the most symetrically formed mountains of

all that we saw. You know that for many years it was called the Mount of Transfiguration. I am satisfied that its main claim to this pre-eminence is its height, and beauty of form and proportions. Its Scriptural claims cannot measure up to those of Hermon, in my estimation.

SHUNEM.

After our lunch at Shunem, Brother Magness and I took a stroll through the village. We both have found this to be the best way to get at the habits and customs of the people. We see them in their home. When they come out to see us, it is different from our going to see them. We climbed up upon the housetops and watched the women replastering their roofs. Baskets of earth were carried up and poured in a pile, finely powdered straw was then mixed with it, and lastly, jars of water were poured over the mass, and the women getting down on their knees, with their bare hands they would knead the mass like dough. They would then daub and spread it wherever needed. While standing watching the operation, I saw bees going in and out at one corner of the house, and found that a hive had been made of the same material as that covering the roof. How they got at the honey, I know not, nor did I desire to have an ocular demonstration. We saw the women baking bread in their dirt ovens. They would stuff the oven full of dry weeds and grass, and when it was hot, they put in the dough, and left it to bake. I was forcibly reminded of the Saviour's expression of the grass, "which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven." We can never appreciate the scarcity of fuel in this country, and what repulsive things are treasured up and burned here. How the people keep warm in the winter-time, when it is cold and rainy, is a mystery to me.

JEZREEL.

We passed the town of Jezreel, where was a well on the outskirts of the place, and a bevy of women and girls drawing water. A double or cross arch of stone had been built over the mouth of the well. Upon this arch sat one or two, while the rest stood round about. Each one had a jar and a cord, and something to draw with, in the shape of a small leather bag, pressed open with

a bunch of grass. They reminded me of a lot of fishers. The well was forty-five or fifty feet deep, and perhaps half a dozen would be fishing for water at the same time. As they drew their bags up, the water would be streaming back into the well, and hardly half of it would find its way into the jars. But they would drop the bag in again, jabbering all the time in the most vociferous manner. When all were ready, each one would adroitly lift her jar to her head, and march up the steep hill to the village above. Generation after generation have women with toil and labor carried all the water used in the household in this way.

NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

Just below this well is the place of Naboth's vineyard, for which the poor fellow was put to death at the instigation of Jezebel, that Ahab might take possession of it. Whether this were the spot or not, it was near here, and this is a beautiful place for a vineyard. Here, hard-by, we were shown the tower from which this same wicked Jezebel was thrown.

Off to our left was a brook, making its way to the Jordan, where Gideon's men drank as they were rushing after the Midianites. When we saw all these things with our own eyes, we felt that we were indeed in Bible lands, and where history was made.

DOTHAN.

Soon we came to Dothan, where Joseph was so cruelly treated and sold by his brethren. As we were frequently meeting the Bedouins as they trudged along with their camels and donkeys, it took but a little stretch of the imagination to reproduce the whole scene as described in the Bible.

Here, too, at Dothan sat the prophet Elisha when the Syrian hosts surrounded the place, and his servant exclaimed, "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" And the prophet told him there were more with him than with them, and prayed God to open his eyes, and all the mountains round about were full of horses and chariots. It was marvelous to look out upon the very mountains once pressed by the wheels of these chariots of the heavenly hosts, which were there to defend a single servant of God.

CHAPTER VIII.

Samaria — Herod's Palace — Shechem — Samaritans — Gerizim and Ebal — Jacob's Well — Jerusalem — Mosque of Omar — Solomon's Stables — Mount of Olives — Wailing-place of the Jews — Subterranean Quarries — The True Calvary and Sepulcher — Bethany — Gethsemane.

SAMARIA.

We turned aside and climbed the hill on which Samaria, the once proud capital of Israel, stood.

When we call up the history of this city, the wealth and power that it possessed, the great kings that sat on its throne, the mighty armies that stood ready to defend it, we could not realize the desolation that reigned about us as we walked over the silent hilltop and looked off at the now barren mountains that surround it on every side.

On one side of the hill was a village with its unshapely houses clustered together, while the spot where once stood the palace and the throne was all planted with olive trees; but among these trees I counted more than one hundred columns standing, and there were perhaps as many more lying about. These columns were chiseled in the highest style of the art, and were the only lingering rays of the glory of this once proud city.

The building that was once adorned by these columns was eighteen hundred yards long. Fragments of the old wall were seen here and there round about the hill, and a remnant of the gate where it is said the four lepers went forth to find the deserted camp of the Midianites.

It was from this city that Ahab went forth to his death. We were shown the pool where they washed his bloody chariot, and where the dogs licked his blood, according to the saying of the prophet.

SHECHEM.

We reached Shechem, Saturday evening, and spent the Sabbath in this, now the only town of the Samaritans. Since the

time of Christ, and before, these Samaritans have had the Pentateuch, and have, in a measure at least, carried out its rites and ceremonies. The Jews, since the destruction of Jerusalem, have never kept the passover, and yet these despised Samaritans, who live in Shechem, go upon Mount Gerizim, that stands above their city, and sacrifice the paschal lamb, and keep the feast according to the law of Moses. They have no union or communion with any other people, and year by year they have decreased in numbers, until now there are but two hundred of them. They possess the oldest copy of the Pentateuch in the world. Carefully have they guarded it all these centuries. It is said to be 3,570 years old.

The plan of our itinerary arranged to see this old manuscript, with other things, on the Sabbath, so I had to deny myself the great pleasure of seeing it. But I am God's, soul and body, and I feel that if I cannot deny myself for him, I am unworthy of him. I do not think I am a formalist, or that there is any virtue in mortifying the flesh, but when my pleasure is put against a plain command of God, my pleasure must give way.

I looked upon this as a trial of my faith. It was suggested to me that this was not sightseeing; we were going to a synagogue, to see a portion of God's word, and there could be no harm in it. Some suggested that it was an act of worship. But I said, "To me it is not an act of worship. I go to see it from motives of curiosity; to say that I have seen this oldest copy of the Pentateuch in existence." Then I turned to God's word and read, "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shall honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

That settled the matter with me, and I never saw the famous manuscript.

GERIZIM AND EBAL.

Hard-by the village of Shechem are Gerizim and Ebal,—the Mount of Blessing and the Mount of Cursing. Six men were to

stand on Gerizim to pronounce the blessing, and six on Ebal, just opposite, to pronounce the curses. No better place could have been selected. There is room for a great company between the mountains, and the conformation of the mountains is such that they form a natural sounding-board to throw the voice down.

In looking over those selected to pronounce the blessing, I find that four of Leah's and both of Rachel's children were selected, while the two remaining children of Leah and the two of her maid Bilhah and the two of Rachel's maid Zilpah were chosen to pronounce the curses.

JACOB'S WELL.

I was somewhat disappointed in Jacob's well. It has been fixed over, until Jacob himself would not know it, and while they look after the top, and the candles that burn about it, they have suffered rubbish to accumulate in the bottom, and choke out all the water. Sychar is not far off, on the side of the hill. It was the crowd, moved by the earnestness of the woman to whom he had disclosed himself as the Messiah, coming down the hill to which Jesus refers when he said to his disciples, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to the harvest."

This day ended our long horseback-ride from Baalbek, in the far north, by way of Damascus, to Jerusalem. We had passed through Phœnicia, portions of Syria, the inheritance of Asher, of Naphtali, of that portion of Dan in the north, of Zebulun, of Issachar, of the half-tribe of Manasseh, of Ephraim, of Benjamin, and of Judah. We had ridden over mountains and plains, along trails that one would think it impossible for a man or a woman to ride at all, much less in safety. But these gentle Syrian horses have grown up among such paths, and they were as sure of foot as goats. I never saw one scare or shy during the whole trip, and their endurance was marvelous. We saw what we could never have seen had we traveled by public conveyance. We saw how the people lived, and how they worked, and how they traveled, and, take it all in all, it gave us an idea of the country that never could have been obtained in any other way.

SOLLIE AND THE AUTHOR NEAR SHILOH.

JERUSALEM.

We spent nearly a week in Jerusalem. Among the first places visited was the Mosque of Omar, that occupies the exact spot where Solomon's Temple stood. The only thing of interest to me was the location. The mosque, grand as it was, was but so much rubbish in my way. As we reached the door of the mosque, each one of us had to put slippers over our shoes, as no unhallowed foot of a Christian dog was allowed to touch the sacred floor of this building. We had been subjected to this requirement at every mosque we entered.

But wherever we went we were expected to contribute backsheesh at every turn. At one place the Arab who was accompanying us came to a spot in the floor covered with a mat. He reverently uncovered it, and showed three nails and a half driven in the floor, and informed us that every hundred years one of these nails would leave, and that when the last one vanished, the world would come to an end. He also told us that if we would lay a piece of coin on the head of one of the nails we would be sure to go up to heaven. I laid down a Turkish coin worth about twelve cents, and from his astonishment and action you would have thought I was going up that minute. He gathered up the coin and put it in his own belt. Whether he will report my claim or not, I can't tell. I shall not depend on him, anyway.

Under the center of the dome is an immense rock, perhaps twenty feet across, said by the Moslems to be the altar of sacrifice used in Solomon's Temple. It is a rough, unhewn rock. Near its center is a hole, down which, they say, the blood ran. At one time, Gabriel came down and stood on this rock, and when he started back to heaven, it stuck to his feet, and was going up with him, when Mohammed seized and held it. And they say that it is now suspended in the air, where Mohammed left it; and they showed us the print of his hands on the rock where he seized it. These are some of the stories that are told us.

The location and the area came up to my expectation, and I walked over the grounds and tried to banish the buildings with which they are encumbered, and see it as the place where the God of Israel—our God—saw fit to record his name, and where he visited his people.

We walked leisurely over the grounds. I was busy with my own thoughts, and paying but little heed to the stories of marvels and wonders as told by my Arab guide. God was in my heart. I had accepted Jesus Christ, his Son, as my Saviour. He had given his Holy Spirit as an assurance of the correctness of my faith, and as my Comforter. And what more could I desire?

I had been to Gerizim, where the Samaritans worshiped. I was now on Mount Moriah, in Jerusalem, and the words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria came sweetly to me: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, [Gerizim], nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

The Temple with all its wealth and splendor, with altar and ark, had gone down in common ruin. The goodly stones of this great house had been thrown down, and not one left upon another. But God is. His throne is in the heavens, and Jesus Christ, his Son, and our Advocate, is before that throne, not with the blood of bulls and of goats, but with his own blood, making atonement for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world. Then, this place is but a memory,—a shadow of good things that have come.

SOLOMON'S STABLES.

After we had seen all that was to be seen above-ground, we were led underground into what is called Solomon's stables. Immense chambers reaching for hundreds of yards, hewn out of the solid rock, with pillars left standing, and arches sprung between them, engaged our attention. It looked as if we should never come to the end of these chambers. For many generations the existence of these underground chambers was unknown. The people of Jerusalem walked over them, and were not aware of them.

We are told in the Scriptures that "Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand chariots." Where did he, where could he, keep all these horses? Here, under the city, the mystery is solved, and the question

answered. Here is room enough for all his horses, and they would be entirely out of the way.

When Athaliah was dragged from the house of the Lord to be executed, it is said, "And they laid hands on her; and she went by the way by the which the horses came into the king's house: and there was she slain." This passage shows that the horses were kept near the king's house, and also near the house of the Lord.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

From Olivet we obtained a very fine view of the Temple site. Olivet rises above Mount Moriah, and from its summit one can look down upon the city, and were the Temple standing, could see it in all its glory. No doubt I stood near the spot where Jesus and his disciples sat when he told them of the destruction of the city and of the Temple, and of the tribulation that was coming. His great heart swelled with emotions of love and pity. The tears streamed down his cheeks, when, as if losing sight of those round about him, and all else, he sobbed out his sorrow in the cry, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

Not many years after this, the storm broke upon that devoted city, and since that wonderful hour their house has been desolate, and the people he loved and would have saved scattered to the ends of the earth, with no protection, no sheltering wing over them.

WAILING-PLACE OF THE JEWS.

I went down to what is known as the "Wailing-place of the Jews." Here were scores of Jews, from lads of a few summers to old men who had grown gray and stooped in waiting. Stretching for a hundred yards or more was a part of the old wall of their city. These stones were there in the days when their Temple stood on Mount Moriah, when their altars smoked with their sacrifices, and they were the people of God, known and recognized among all men. And now they were strangers in their own city, and here they, and their fathers for generations, have assembled

every day, and, with their faces to these unsympathizing stones, are wailing out their sorrows, and waiting for the coming of their Messiah. I saw nothing in Jerusalem that touched me so deeply as the scene at this wall. I heard their murmur all along the line as they stood with their backs to the light, and their faces to the hard, senseless stones. "The vail was upon their hearts." The Master was near, saying, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." They had rejected Him who said, "Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded." Instead of looking to this precious stone, they were crying to the senseless, unsympathizing stones laid up by human hands in this wall,—stones that have made no reply, though wailed to for ages.

During the Sabbath of our stay in Jerusalem, I preached to our little company in the parlor of the hotel. I took for my theme the fact that Jesus, the Son of David according to the flesh, was declared to be the Son of God by his resurrection from the dead. A very intelligent Jew, who had been with our party for some days, sought an opportunity to compliment me on the sermon, and among other things, he said, "The Jews did not crucify Christ because they hated him. But they nailed him to the cross and said to him, if he would come down from the cross, they would believe on him. And I tell you, if he had come down from the cross, there is not a Jew in the whole world that would not have believed on him." I said, "Sir, you have not listened to your own Scriptures. They tell you that he should be put to death, and rise again from the dead. And this was a mightier display of divine power, than if he had come down from the cross. You have asked for your sign, and have not accepted a mightier sign given you."

It is said that these Jews at their wailing-place use the Lamentations of Jeremiah as their texts. Among those there the day I saw them, my guide told me were some of the richest Jews in Jerusalem. I could not but mark the earnestness and the seriousness that characterized old and young. When I knew of the oppression to which they are subjected in this the land of their fathers, I could not wonder so much that they never wearied in

crying for help. And one generation is taught by another that here they are to find relief.

SUBTERRANEAN QUARRIES.

We went all through the subterranean quarries that lie beneath the city. From these quarries much of the stone used in the building of the city was taken. And these great caverns are silent monuments of the wisdom, skill, and energy of this people in their palmy days.

We visited the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, as it is called. Here we were shown the place of the crucifixion, the sepulcher, etc. I took no interest whatever in any of these places; for, in the first place, if they were the places where Christ was crucified, and where he was buried, the whole thing has been so marred, that nothing is left but churches, altars, and other insignia of superstition. The sepulcher as shown is no more like the sepulcher described by the Evangelists, than night is like day. In the next place, these things are located inside the city, whereas Christ was crucified "outside the gate." I was as much interested in the stories told me by my guide as in these. He said, when the cross was let down into its place it struck the skull of Adam, and then he showed me that skull inclosed in brass, and had me put my hand upon it. We went a little farther, and he showed me a niche in the wall, near an altar. It was covered with a wire gauze, and had a red stain near the bottom, on the inside. He said when the soldier pierced the side of the Saviour, and when the blood flowed down and struck Adam, that he sprang to life and rose from the dead. He did n't tell me how he was getting along without his skull, that was incased in that brass box.

THE TRUE CALVARY AND SEPULCHER.

When General Gordon was here, he went outside the city, and with his Bible in his hand, selected a hill that he claimed was the true Calvary. I was told nothing of this until we reached the place. For some moments I said nothing. But my thoughts were busy. The shape of the hill answered the description. It was north of the city, outside the gate, near the highway to

Damascus, and from my heart I exclaimed, "I believe General Gordon is right." This place answers to every token. Just below us, within a stone's-throw, were some tombs, hewn out of the rock. We went in and examined them. They were like the one described by the Evangelists.

John tells us, "Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulcher, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus, therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulcher was nigh at hand."

The door of this sepulcher is so low that one has to stoop to look into it, as John did on the morning of the resurrection of Jesus. The ante-chamber is large enough to hold a number of persons, while the places prepared for the bodies lie along the wall, so that an angel could sit "one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." In front of the door there was a groove cut in the solid rock, perhaps a foot wide and a foot deep. In this groove was a great stone like a mill-stone, flattened on one edge. This stone could be easily rolled until it fell on its flattened side immediately in front of the door. Then it would be hard to roll away. The women knew this, and asked, "Who shall roll us away the stone . . . ? for it was very great."

I was thoroughly convinced that this is the identical sepulcher in which Jesus was buried.

After I reached home, I was told that when the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, a wise man, and a leader in Methodism in England, visited this sepulcher, and studied the situation, he was so overwhelmingly convinced, that he threw himself down on the place "where the body of Jesus had lain." General Gordon was equally certain of this fact.

I turned my feet back to Jerusalem, feeling that I had been to the true Golgotha of the Scriptures, and I felt glad that neither Moslem nor Christian had fallen upon this place to destroy it by mosque or church.

The day I visited the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, we saw a lot of angry men lined up, and a number of Turkish soldiers with drawn swords, trying to keep the peace. It was Monday, and I was told that the day before there had been trouble between the

Coptic and the Roman Catholic Christians about who should sweep the dust on a part of the floor about the sepulcher.

The Roman, the Greek, the Coptic, and Armenian, and perhaps others, have their section of the floor assigned to them, and any invasion of one another's rights is met with blows, and sometimes with death. The Turkish soldiers have to be ever on hand to quell these disturbances. On Sunday they had come to blows, and several had been knocked down and bruised. They were not satisfied with the results of Sunday's fight, and had assembled in larger numbers to have it out. What a spectacle does this present to the world, and to these followers of Mohammed, when men will fight and kill each other over the dust of the floor. And yet this is the legitimate result of "worshiping the creature more than the Creator, who is over all God, blessed forever." Men forget the lesson of the brazen serpent. It was taken with Israel into Canaan, and after a time they commenced to worship it. Of Hezekiah it is said, "He removed the high places, and brake the images, and cut down the groves, and brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it: and he called it Nehushtan," which means a piece of brass. It was nothing more.

At one place there was a stone pillar protected by wire gauze, called the pillar of Moses. By it lay a rod. The faithful can poke this rod through an opening left for it, and touch the pillar and then kiss the end of the rod. On one side were three stones, also protected by wire, but a little end of each was left sticking out. One of these stones was brought from Sinai, one from the Jordan, and one from Mount Moriah. Do you know that the ends of these stones are kissed by the faithful as they visit this holy place? They are good, hard rocks, and of good size, or they would, like the foot of the statue of St. Peter at Rome, be kissed away. But, then, that is a matter of small importance, as there are plenty more of the same sort, where these came from, and are just as sacred.

We were conducted down the Via Dolorosa, and had the several stations of that way pointed out to us. One is shown where there is a hand-print in the solid rock, and we were gravely told that that print was made by the hand of Christ as he staggered under his cross and fell against the wall.

The valley of Jehoshaphat, lying between Jerusalem and Mount Olivet, is very narrow, and can hardly be called a valley. The brook Kedron passes down through it, but at this season of the year it is perfectly dry. The valley of Jehoshaphat widens out into the valley of Hinnom, where the offal of this great city was burned in the olden times.

Absalom's tomb is on the edge of the valley of Jehoshaphat. I think I should have recognized it from the pictures of it I have seen.

BETHANY.

Bethany and Bethphage of Christ's time are not what they were then. They now number but a few very ordinary houses, and all have an air of neglect.

GETHSEMANE.

I was disappointed in what is called the Garden of Gethsemane. It is a little inclosure near the base of Olivet, with six or seven old olive trees. Flowers are growing in profusion all inside of the iron inclosure. The dimensions of it by no means answer to the demands of Scripture. They tell us that He took His disciples into a garden, requested them to pray with Him, then taking the three, He went still farther, and leaving them, He went about a stone's-cast farther. Now, all this would require a space of a hundred yards or more; but this garden is hardly fifty feet across, either way. It may occupy part of the garden site, but not all of it.

CHAPTER IX.

Jericho — Fountain of Elisha — Dead Sea — Jordan — Solomon's Pools — Joppa — Cairo — The Citadel — The Nile — Pyramids — Sphinx — Memphis — Tombs of the Kings and Sacred Bulls — Mohammedan University — Heliopolis, or On — Alexandria — Pompey's Pillar — Naples — Museum — Image of Diana — Home.

JERICHO. — FOUNTAIN OF ELISHA.

We drove down to Jericho. We went *down* nearly the entire way. When we reached the site of Jericho we found it but a heap of ruins. There was not enough about it to enable us to call up that wonderful scene of its investment and fall. Near it is the Fountain of Elisha. We find that after the translation of Elijah, Elisha tarried at Jericho. "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of the city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land."

This is a very large fountain. A small river flows off from it, and we found the water very good. The people of the village below were using it for irrigating purposes. So if this were the spring healed, it is still in a healthy condition.

DEAD SEA.

We drove down to the Dead Sea. There was a strong breeze blowing, and, contrary to my expectation, waves of considerable size were breaking on the shore. The water was clear and beautiful. Across the sea we could see the ruins of the old prison Macherus, in which John the Baptist was beheaded.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

We visited the Jordan a few miles above the sea. The waters of the river, before reaching the Dead Sea, become very turbid

and the current is very strong, especially beneath the surface, so much so that it is not safe to go into it. A few years ago, an old lady — a Methodist — concluded she must be immersed in the Jordan. She said she did not give up her Methodism, or forego her infant baptism, but it was just the whim of an old woman. A party, who was present, told me that it took four men to do it. Two had to hold her from being swept down the stream, and the other two immersed her. Beyond the Jordan we could see Mount Nebo, where Moses viewed the promised land, and died.

We made a special trip to Bethlehem. On the way we passed the tomb of Rachel. No doubt but the body of this beloved wife of Jacob lies beneath this pile. In all ages of Israel's history, it has been recognized, while the Scripture tells of her death and burial about this place.

Here we met a funeral procession, bearing the body of a child to its last resting-place. The burial custom of this place is peculiar. When a child dies, a stranger to the family is selected to bear the body. This he does in his arms. There is no coffin. How the body was robed, I could not see; for a cloth was thrown over it. A number went before, and others followed the corpse, wailing in a most doleful voice. When they reach the cemetery, no grave is dug, but the body is laid on the surface of the ground and cement is piled round it till it reaches a little above the body, when sticks are laid across it, and the cement is then piled on until it reaches a height of two or three feet, and the top is sloped off on each side like the roof of a house. I saw hundreds of such graves in the cemetery where stands the tomb of Rachel. This is the burying-place for Bethlehem. And this is why the prophet, referring to the innocents slain by Herod, said, "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." Here, hard-by the tomb of Rachel, — the mother of these Hebrews, — the disconsolate mothers of these children met to bewail their dead. I saw in the early morning, in a cemetery, thirty or forty women who had met to bewail their dead.

Not far from Bethlehem — the home of David — is a little village on the mountain side, where Kish, the father of Saul, the first king of Israel, lived. So these first two kings of Israel were born near each other.

SOLOMON'S POOLS.

Solomon's Pools, three in number, and of great size, were shown us. They are now without water, but a little energy and labor would put them in condition to hold water. But the people who now occupy and have control of this country seem to have no enterprise whatever, and they hinder or prevent those who would do something.

The fields of Bethlehem are well fitted for the grazing of flocks and herds. Somewhere near the city, the angels appeared to the shepherds as they watched their flocks by night.

No one can tell the house in which Jesus was born; and even if it ever were known, everything is so changed now by the churches built here and there, that Mary herself could not recognize it.

Our interpreter, who lives in Jerusalem, invited all our party to dine at his home. His mother, and other children of the family, could not speak a word of English, and not one of us could speak a word of Arabic, so we had to depend upon her son to interpret for us. We got a good dinner, and spent a very pleasant evening.

Many have thought that a railroad running into Jerusalem will take it from its ancient setting, and make a modern city of it; that it will be no longer the Jerusalem of the long ago, to which pilgrimages from all over the world are made. I do not share this feeling. I have seen enough of discomfort, ignorance, and squalor in the streets and houses of this old city, to welcome anything that will make a change for the better. What are old things, when they stand in the way progress or the happiness of the people?

This road from Joppa has done one thing not commonly done by rail. It is carrying fresh water in car-loads into the city.

The supply of water for Jerusalem is poorer and more limited than that in any city I ever saw. The supply is totally inadequate to the wants of the people. A lady missionary told one of the members of our party that they would buy one jar of water a day, and that they had to husband every drop of it.

Many of the children of the lower classes look as if they had hardly ever had their faces washed. Hardly a child is to be seen among them that has not some affection of the eyes. The lashes

were all mattered and matted together, and the lids were swollen and inflamed, owing largely, if not altogether, to the neglect of bathing their faces and their eyes.

The railroad brings in a supply every day, and it is an interesting sight to see the place where they discharge it surrounded by men with goatskin bottles. Some of these skins will hold ten gallons, at least. They will fill them, sling them across their backs, and go throughout the city selling it. The soil and dust in and about the city is largely impregnated with lime, that, when once upon the skin, almost defies the power of soap to thoroughly remove. Many families have cisterns, and in the rainy season they fill these, and in large measure are independent; but the poorer classes are the ones that must suffer.

JOPPA.

We went from Jerusalem to Joppa,—Jaffa as it is now called,—passing over some historic ground. We had the birthplace of Samson pointed out to us. We passed through the valley of Sharon, in which we saw some very good land. Lydda, the place where Peter healed Æneas of the palsy, after having been afflicted with it for eight years, was on this road, "nigh to Joppa." When in Joppa, the house of Dorcas, whom Peter raised to life, was visited by us; also the house of Simon the tanner, with whom Peter was lodged when sent for to go to Cæsarea to speak to Cornelius words whereby he and all his house were to be saved. This house is by the seaside, and we all went up upon the roof where Peter had his vision. It was not a very auspicious day for such a visit, for it was pouring down rain. But while upon the housetop, it held up, and we enjoyed that part of it.

While at Joppa we saw our first banyan tree. I recognized it at once, though I had never seen one before. Though it was not an old one, yet the spreading branches had thrown down shoots that had taken roots in the earth, thus increasing the area and the supports of the parent tree.

The storm that passed that day had raised the waves of the Mediterranean, and made the sea very rough. The steamer upon which we were to sail for Port Said, at the head of the Suez Canal, lay some distance out from the city, and we had to go out in a

small boat. The rough sea tossed our boat about in the most exciting and lively manner. When we reached the ship, the question was, how we were to get aboard, for neither ship nor boat was still for a moment. Sometimes we were away below the ship's ladder, and the next moment we would go shooting up above it. But our experienced boatmen were equal to the emergency. Two of them would lay hold of one of the party and wait till a wave lifted our boat up near the ladder, when they would pitch the one on hand up on the ladder, where two others would steady them and lead them up the side into the ship. When it came Brother and Sister Pepper's turn,—each of them weighing over two hundred,—the men had to put forth all their powers, but they landed them safely. When I was tossed up, my Jewish friend, who was just behind me, said I landed all right, for I landed on my knees. Anyway, I got up all right.

Mrs. Bates of Kansas City was the only one of our party who proved herself a true sailor. All the rest of us paid tribute to Neptune, and retired for the rest of the trip. We reached Port Said early the next morning, and took the train for Cairo.

It is wonderful what the English are doing for this old land. The Mohammedans, with their fanaticism, superstitions, and opposition to change and progress, still nominally hold the country, but England has quietly but firmly taken hold of the helm, and while others may do the rowing, she guides the affairs of the ship of state. The Khedive has his palace, his retinue of servants, and his soldiers; but his authority is only tinsel.

CAIRO.

When we reached Cairo we found the city all a-flutter with flags and streamers, and a holiday look about the whole city. We found that the Khedive, or governor, was just on his return from a visit to Europe. We caught sight of him once or twice as he drove about the city. He was surrounded by a retinue of soldiers, and before him, on foot, ran two heralds, dressed in the most gaudy uniform, with staffs in their hands, shouting to clear the way before him. The horses in the Khedive's carriage were in a lively trot, and yet these heralds kept ahead of them. The crowds in the streets parted before these heralds, like waves before the prow of a ship.

Cairo is a much larger place than I expected to see, and it has all the spring and appearance of a modern city. The streets are wide and clean, while electric cars are found on very many of them. There are a great many fine stores and residences, while the great majority of the buildings are modern in their architecture.

From childhood I had read of Egypt, the Nile, the Pyramids, and other wonders of this strange land, and I had ever longed for a visit to it. And now, in the evening of my life, after numbering my threescore and fourteen, I had at last realized the dream of my childhood, and stood amid its palms and listened to the murmur of its world-renowned river. I could scarcely realize the fact, but as I looked up the Nile and saw the shadowy outlines of the Pyramids in the distance, I knew it was not a dream.

Our first visit was to Old Cairo, and the Citadel that crowns the hill in the heart of the town. As we drove through the narrow, crooked streets and witnessed the squalor on every hand, we could appreciate what a change had come over the place in the birth of the new city. As we stood on the hill on which the Citadel is built, we had a fine view of the whole of Cairo, old and new. It was a lovely sight. But the great number of mosques and minarets that marked every quarter showed all was under the dominion of the Moslem power, and that it would take generations to break the spiritual power of this hoary superstition.

THE CITADEL.

As we stood at one point and looked over the walls some forty feet in height, an incident was related to us that took place in 1806. Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, was in possession of the Citadel. He sent out an invitation to all the Mameluke beys in the land to come to the Citadel. These Mamelukes had ruled Egypt for a long time. They were rich and they were powerful. On the day appointed, 480 came. They were decorated in all the insignia of their office. Their horses, of the best breed, were caparisoned with all the dazzling splendor of Oriental tinsel and ornament. No such pageant had ever before adorned the parade-grounds of the Citadel. When, all at

once, the great iron doors were closed, and a heavy discharge of musketry broke forth on all sides, and horse and rider went down together in a bloody death. The treacherous Mehemet Ali had ordered the indiscriminate slaughter of these helpless and entrapped men. One daring, desperate young Mameluke turned his horse's head to the wall; over the parapet he leapt to the ground, forty feet below. In the fall, his horse's legs were broken, but, strange to say, he was almost unhurt, and in the confusion he made good his escape. On the parapet is chiseled a horseshoe to mark the place where this desperate leap was made.

After Mehemet Ali's death, his body was brought back and buried in the Citadel, where so many illustrious men of his line lay.

We visited the sepulchers of a number of the Mamelukes.

Not far from the Citadel is a mosque, built in 1346. It is built with dome and half-domes, after the style of so many others. Its minaret is the tallest in Cairo, being 290 feet high. Near it stands a half-finished mosque, commenced some years ago by the grandmother of the present Khedive. In the midst of the work her Moslem architect died, and as she would suffer no "Christian dog" to have anything to do with it, it stands, as it has done for years, unfinished.

THE NILE.

We crossed the Nile to see Nilometer, the instrument by which the rise and fall of the Nile is measured. At certain seasons this instrument is watched with the greatest solicitude. The highest and lowest points of the Nile are marked by a difference of twenty-five feet.

THE PYRAMIDS.

We took carriages and drove out seven miles from Cairo to the great Pyramids. The road we took is one of the most lovely drives we have enjoyed. It is thrown up several feet above the flooded fields on each side, and a row of trees is planted on each side, that shades the whole way. This road is macadamized, and kept as level and smooth as a floor. It is also sprinkled. All the land on either side was under water, preparing for still another crop before the season is over. They flood the land

several inches deep, and let the water stand upon it for some weeks. It is planted as soon as possible after the water is drawn off, and I was told that a crop of corn (maize) would mature in six weeks after planting.

I was surprised at the great quantity of corn that is planted all over the East. While passing through Palestine, we saw green corn in market, and said we should like a good mess of corn. These people know nothing of our mode of preparing corn. We told them to boil it on the cob. So at the conclusion of our meal here came the corn, fully matured, and hard, served as a dessert. Of course we had to compliment our provider and our cook by gnawing and eating a few grains. But it was hard work, in more ways than one.

The soil of Egypt, though it has been under cultivation for over four thousand years, is as rich as anything you can conceive of. We drove for miles and miles over it, in various directions from Cairo, and it was the same everywhere. I am not surprised at the record made during the "seven plenteous years," that "the earth brought forth by handfuls." It was capable of it then; it is capable of it now. Nothing is allowed to cumber the ground when it has accomplished its purpose. Even the cotton-stalks are carefully pulled up by the roots, packed in great bundles on camels, and borne away to burn as fuel. We frequently met great strings of camels loaded with cotton-stalks. Here, as well as in Palestine, fuel, especially for cooking purposes, is made of almost anything that grows.

On the outer edge of the road to the Pyramids the English have constructed an electric tramway out to the Pyramids. So, even in this old country, with its fossilized customs, the Christian nations of earth are introducing conveniences and improvements.

Before we reached the Pyramids, the Arab guides and helpers were trotting along by the side of our carriages, and in broken English were offering their services, and praising their virtues and powers as helpers. By some means they knew we were Americans, and they called over the names of the Americans whom they had helped up the Pyramids. From that time till we left, they were like our shadows, first helping, and from that time on crying for "backsheesh."

Nearly all our party climbed to the top of old Cheops. I knew

I could do but one, so I chose to go inside and see where the kings and queens had been laid away when this work of forty centuries ago was built as their resting-place. Three Arabs offered to help me in and out. Two of them took me by the hands, while the other walked behind to "boost" me over the hard places. I entered on the north side, and went down an inclined opening of perhaps thirty-five or forty degrees. Down, down, I went, placing my feet in little indentations of this inclined floor, the Arab that went before me often placing his bare foot at the edge to keep mine from slipping. This opening, lined on all sides with marble, points directly to the north or polar star. So every night from its depths can be seen this noted star. This, with the fact that all the Pyramids are built with reference to the points of the compass, shows that those who planned them were scientific men.

After going down for a great distance, we came to where a rock lay so low overhead, that I had to get down on my hands and knees to get through. Our way then led upward about as far as we had gone downward. At one point we reached a square hole that went down like a well. One of the Arabs took a candle and went down some twenty feet, and by the dim light of his candle he showed me the sarcophagus of a queen. Her embalmed body has long since been taken from its resting-place to some museum. In this utilitarian, prying age, even the multiplied millions of tons of rock, as in this Pyramid, cannot secure undisturbed repose to the bodies of the greatest of earth, or hide from the gaze of the curious the most sacred remains. The tombs of the kings were found higher up.

After threading these strange and well-constructed chambers to our satisfaction, I turned my face to the entrance. When I reached it, then the three Arabs set up a plea for "backsheesh." After I had paid each one what I thought was right, then the fellow that went down to show me the queen's sarcophagus wanted "backsheesh" for that. Then each of them pulled out some coins with verdegris on them, and they wanted to sell them to me,—"something to remember my Arabs by, who helped me in the Pyramid, when I got back to America"; and so appeal after appeal was made, until I broke away from all but one of them. He stuck to me. When I visited the Sphinx he persisted in

showing me all about it. He was positively annoying. At last I told him if he was after "backsheesh" he would get no more from me, and to clear out. I shook off one, only to make place for another. They would pick up pieces of stone and offer to sell them to me. At last I told the most persistent one to take it to the top of the Pyramid for me, and lay it up till I came next time. He was sharp enough to see the joke, and dropped his rock, and my acquaintance, at the same time. Another crossed my path at every turn, urging me to take a ride on his donkey. At last I said to him, "You take him and eat him."—"What!" said he; "eat a donkey?"—"Yes; eat him all up. I don't want him." At this he broke out into a big laugh, and sought another customer.

THE SPHINX.

When I visited the Sphinx, I was disappointed at first. It did not look as large as I expected. But the two Pyramids in whose shadow it stands were so large that they dwarfed everything around them. The more I looked at the Sphinx, the more I admired its symmetry and proportions. It is indeed a wonderful piece of sculpture. Near it is the Temple of the Sphinx. For ages the sands of the Nubian Desert had covered it from sight and from the memory of man. Now a large portion of it has been uncovered. It is built upon the same large scale as the Sphinx and the Pyramids. I was struck with the great size of the stones laid up in the walls. Some were ten and twelve feet long and six in width. How thick they were, I had no means of ascertaining.

The wealth, labor, and skill expended on these idolatrous temples ought to shame us, who claim to be worshipers of the one true God, who made heaven and earth and all things therein. Not that we are to rival them in the construction of temples, but in the expenditure of effort to spread the knowledge of the truth to the ends of the earth.

We next visited the Museum at Cairo, containing some of the rarest treasures of the archæologist to be found anywhere. The Pyramids and the graves of the great of bygone ages have been rifled of their mummied treasures. Nothing has been too sacred for sacrilegious hands. Kings with their golden crowns, queens with their ornaments of rubies, pearls, and other rare and costly

gems, have had their sarcophagi, sealed for ages, broken open, and bodies and ornaments rudely dragged to the light, taken away from their long rest, to be exposed to the gaze of people from every clime.

A strange feeling passed over me as I looked down into the black and lifeless face of Rameses II, the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, and who oppressed Israel and made them serve with rigor; who, to accomplish his mad purpose, "cast out their young children, to the intent that they might not live." It was his daughter who rescued Moses and brought him up as her own son. Doubtless he had often sat with the Hebrew child upon his knee, and taught him the ways of the Egyptians. Here I stood above his swathed and shriveled form, now powerless for harm. His name is remembered as an oppressor, while the boy rescued from death by his daughter had become one of the greatest, if not the greatest man of any age or people.

Near Rameses II lay Seti, his father, and others of this illustrious house. Long ago the scepter departed from this family, and not from this only, but, according to the prediction of Ezekiel, not another one of their own people has reigned, or shall ever reign in Egypt; "and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."

MEMPHIS.

We took a steam-launch and sailed up the Nile for some twenty-five miles, when we took donkeys and rode out to the site of Memphis, which, at one time, was one of the greatest cities of Egypt. To say that it is now in ruins would hardly be correct, for it is not, and as you ride amid the sand-dunes, unless told, you would never know that you were where once throbbed the arteries of a great city.

Our ride of perhaps twenty miles was my first experience on a donkey. Each donkey had an Arab attachment. He kept up with his donkey, no matter what his speed. Each one had a name. Mine was called "McKinley," and he proved himself a good one, for he outstripped all the rest, and got first to our destination. I was surprised to see with what ease the Arab kept up with him. All the while he kept up a running conversation, in broken English, with me. The first object of interest on the site

of old Memphis was a granite statue of Rameses II, forty-seven feet in height. It was lying on its back, with one of the legs broken off. With this exception, it is perfect. A masterly piece of workmanship it is, too. The features are perfect, and are very expressive. There was still another of the same king (for he was perhaps the mightiest monarch that ever reigned in Egypt. His was a very long reign, extending over sixty years), but it was surrounded by the flood-waters of the Nile, and we could not reach it.

TOMBS OF THE KINGS AND SACRED BULLS.

We rode some miles farther, and reached the tomb of Mena, one of the kings. It was built of stone, and all the walls were literally covered with figures carved in the stone. The workmanship was of a superior character. The surface of the figures was as smooth as if they had just been chiseled. Many of them were colored, the color as distinct and clear as if just laid on. I suppose the whole was a history of the king who had it built. There were thirty-one different rooms to this sepulcher. The walls were ten or twelve feet in height, and every foot of the surface was covered with this scenic writing. Some were battle-scenes, some hunting, some rural, some sacrificial. No two of them seemed to be alike.

We next visited the Serapeum, or tombs of the sacred bulls. The bull was the principal idol of the Egyptians. When one died, he was embalmed and buried with great pomp, and the whole land went into mourning until another was found. He must be a red bull with a crescent in his forehead, and some resemblance of a flying eagle on his back. When found, he was led in triumph to his temple, and the whole nation rejoiced. It has been only a few years since this sepulcher of the sacred bulls was found. There is an archway of stone eighteen hundred feet long, with twenty-four sarcophagi on each side. Each sarcophagus is made of solid granite, some red and others black granite, all polished in the highest style. They are all the same size,— thirteen feet long, eight feet wide, and twelve feet high. The lower part, or coffin proper, is of one solid piece of granite, while the lid is also of one piece, three feet thick.

It is a strange fact that a people so scientific and learned as

the Egyptians,—a people who were thrown in contact, through the channels of commerce, with so many of the outside world,—a people visited by the learned from all lands,—should worship a bull from the common herd, especially when one and another of these should die as the cattle that graze upon the plains about them. But when any people turn from the true Light that "lighteth every man that cometh into the world," they "became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened, . . . and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things."

It was in imitation of the Egyptians that the Israelites made a golden calf to worship while Moses was upon Mount Sinai.

In this same neighborhood are the tombs of Thi. These are constructed very much after the order of those of Mena. The walls of the several rooms were all covered with figures, illustrative of the lives of those buried in them.

The surface of the country in which these tombs are found is the most desolate and forbidding imaginable,—nothing but dry sand drifted into dunes,—but wherever excavations had been made, I was impressed with the great amount of broken pottery that strewed the sand in every direction, showing that this was evidently the site of a great and populous city for ages. And it is marvelous that such a city should be actually and completely wiped from the face of the earth.

What little probability was there of its fulfillment when Ezekiel, hundreds of years before Christ, when this and other great cities of Egypt were in their glory, told of their utter overthrow! Only one inspired of the Spirit of omniscience would have dared to make such a prediction. And yet this Jewish captive in Chaldea, by the river Chebar, uttered it without a fear of its failure.

MOHAMMEDAN UNIVERSITY.

On one of our visits to Old Cairo we went to the great Mohammedan University, where were gathered twelve thousand students from all parts of the Mohammedan world. Until within a year or two, nothing was taught in this university but the Koran. Now a very little of arithmetic and geography is taught. When

we entered, the school was in full blast. There was not a seat or a desk in the whole immense building. There are five hundred professors engaged in the work of teaching. The twelve thousand pupils were seated about in groups of from fifty to one hundred, on the floor, each one with his face to the teacher, who sat flat down, as they, upon a little movable platform. They all sat as close together on the floor as possible. Most of them had a few leaves of the Koran in their hands, and every one was repeating his lesson out loud, while the professor's voice could be heard above the din. They rattled right along, neither teacher nor pupil paying any attention to us or our presence. They all had a sing-song tone. Some of the little fellows — for there were boys not more than ten years old among them — had sheets of tin, upon which they were learning to make figures, and to write. Most of them, as they sung their lessons, swayed their bodies from side to side in a sort of rhythmic motion. This, I am informed, is the only school of importance in the whole Turkish Empire, while in Constantinople, the capital and the home of the Sultan, there are five foreign post-office departments. I asked how it was, and was told that the Turks had no post-office department until about thirty-five years ago. Hardly anybody in the Turkish dominions could read, and fewer still could write, and they had no need of a post-office. There were so many foreigners in Constantinople, that each nation organized a department of its own. After a while the Turks organized one, but the foreigners found their own so convenient, that they refused to give them up.

This Cairo school is dignified with the title of university, but few of either the twelve thousand pupils or the five hundred professors can write, or know anything of the simplest rules of arithmetic, and less of geography. The English, who are trying to crane Egypt up, have taken hold of the matter of education. Some few years ago they called upon these professors to take an examination, but few of them took it. Out of thirty-nine teachers who were examined in the very simplest characters in writing and arithmetic, only five satisfied the examiners in arithmetic, and not one in writing. And as it is here in Egypt, so is it all over the Sultan's dominions. Superstition, ignorance, and fanaticism are the foundation-stones on which this government rests.

With them, the Koran is all they want. They have the same spirit that actuated Omar, who burned the Alexandrian Library, —one of the greatest collections of books that, up to that time, the world had ever seen. He said, "If this library is in accordance with the teachings of the Koran, there is no need for it; if contrary to the Koran, then it ought to be destroyed." The fires were kindled, and for seven days the holocaust went on. Under the hands of these ignorant fanatics, the choicest recorded literature of the ages went up in smoke. Nor did they pause in their fiendish work until the last of this world-renowned collection was destroyed, and from that day the Koran has lain upon the nation, crushing out all that makes a people great, prosperous, and happy. For nearly one month have I been traveling through this vast empire, reaching from Constantinople, through Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, and I have seen nothing to admire in them as a people.

HELIOPOLIS.

While in Cairo, we drove out to the site of Heliopolis, or On of the Scriptures. The most ancient obelisk of Egypt alone marks the spot where once stood populous On, the capital of Egypt. This obelisk was chiseled of one stone, 2433 B. C. It is a magnificent monolith, every figure on its four sides remaining as distinct as if just cut.

Here the Pharaoh who had his twofold dream of the seven years of plenty and seven years of famine had his palace and his home. It was the daughter of the priest, or prince, of On that was given to Joseph when Pharaoh made him ruler over all Egypt. Here, in after years, Moses, as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, was educated, and fitted to be the teacher of God's people.

It was once the seat of learning. Plato spent thirteen years here, increasing his fund of knowledge and wisdom. Here, Herodotus, the "Father of History," lived for a number of years, gathering material for his great work.

While God communicates that to man which he cannot know of himself, yet he uses all that is in man for his purpose. It is said of Moses, "that he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." He had been brought up among the rulers and the

great men of the land, and was thus eminently fitted to be a leader and a law-giver.

Where populous On once stood, there is now not a house, nor a vestige of ruins even, but the rich plain has been smoothed down and has been under cultivation for centuries.

Not far from the obelisk, that alone marks the site of the great city, we were shown a large sycamore tree, called the "Tree of the Virgin Mary." Under it, it is said, she rested when she came into Egypt to escape the wrath of Herod, who sought her young child's life. I have no sort of confidence in any such traditions, and look upon the whole thing as a sort of idolatry.

This sycamore is of the fig-bearing variety. Amos was a "gatherer of sycamore fruit." The figs grow in great clusters on the body of the large branches. They were not ripe at the time, but are said to be a very inferior fruit, eaten only by the poorer classes.

While in Palestine I had the pleasure of seeing a carob tree, and the fruit. The fruit is a thick, dark-colored bean, and is the "husks that the swine did eat," spoken of in the parable of the prodigal son. And, while I think of it, I rode on horseback over much of Palestine and visited many places of Egypt, and I never saw a single hog. The "steep place" where the two thousand ran down into the Sea of Galilee was pointed out to me, but no swine did I see feeding on the hills. There may have been hogs there, but I did not see them.

While in Cairo I heard a band playing, and looking out of my window, I saw a fine carriage preceded by the band. The driver of the carriage was more gorgeously dressed than any man I saw in Egypt. The predominant color of his dress was a deep red, covered in every available place with wide gold lace. On the rear of the carriage stood a footman, also dressed most elaborately in red and gold. On each side of the carriage walked a servant. The curtains of this carriage were closely drawn. It was followed by three other carriages, by each of which walked two footmen. I thought some royal person was passing. But when I made inquiry, I found that one of the leading men, who had three wives, had shown to those in authority that he was able to support another wife, and this first carriage contained his bride of the fourth edition. The other carriages contained his other wives.

ALEXANDRIA.

Our stay in Egypt was a most delightful one, and we enjoyed it greatly; but the time had come when we must turn our faces to our Western home. A run of a few hours by rail brought us to Alexandria. We stayed in this ancient city but a short time. During that time, however, we visited Pompey's Pillar, saw the site of the ancient Pharos, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and had shown to us where the celebrated Alexandrian Library was burned. It was in Alexandria that the Septuagint version of the Old Testament was made, — the version from which our Lord made his quotations. No doubt but that the translators came here to do their work because of the great library in this city. If this be so, it bespeaks the value of this great collection. Recorded facts and important information may have been lost in the destruction of this library. Questions that have for centuries puzzled the world may have been answered in some of these volumes; such as, how the great stones that compose the Pyramids, and how the immense columns with their architraves of ruined temples, were lifted to their places; how elastic and malleable glass were made; by what process the royal purple was manufactured; and many others.

NAPLES.

Taking a steamer at Alexandria, we sped on toward Naples. In passing the island of Sicily we had a fine view of Mount Etna. Neither flame nor smoke issued from the crater. A crown of snow lay on its brow. It was Sunday as we passed the Strait of Messina, between Sicily and the mainland, and just before we passed Scylla and Charybdis, one on the one side and the other on the other, we held service in the dining-room of the ship. When we reached Naples we visited the Museum. One object seen there deeply interested me.

IMAGE OF DIANA.

After the uproar raised at Ephesus by Demetrius, who accused Paul of not only endangering their craft, but also threatened the

very destruction "of the great goddess Diana," "whom all Asia and the world worshipeth," the town clerk, in appeasing the people, said, "Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshiper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?" Recently this identical image has been dug up from the ruins of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and it is here in the Museum at Naples. This image I saw. It is made of white marble, and is as perfect as the day it was chiseled. Even the lions on her arms are unbroken. The face of the image is as beautiful as a woman's, the mural crown upon the head setting off the features.

There were very many other things in this Museum worthy of note; but we cannot mention them now.

November 21, 1901, we took ship for New York. Besides the first-class passengers, we had five hundred Italian emigrants in the steerage, and the captain told me there is an average of a ship-load every day going to New York.

The second day out, a two-year-old babe died, and the next night, at four, A. M., the great ship stopped in mid-ocean, and the little body was committed to the deep.

HOME.

In four months and one day from the day I left San Francisco, God, in his good providence, brought me back again, having preserved me amid the 20,776 miles of travel by land and by sea. For all of which I am devoutly thankful.

Of all the lands I have seen, there are none to compare with America, and in America, none to compare with California.

The day before we reached New York, one of our fellow-passengers took from his pocket an envelope and wrote on it the following:—

"I 've traveled about the whole world everywhere;
From the isles of the south to the north polar bear;
I 've camped with the Arabs;
I 've dwelt with the Boers;
I 've slept in the tents of Morocco-bound Moors;
I 've lived with the Dago, the Greek, and the Turk,
Too dirty to live, and too lazy to work;

I 've sized up the Russian, the Frenchman, the Jap:
But there 's only one land, after all, on the map.
Low land, high land,
Ocean, or river, or dry land,
There 's no other equal to my land;
There 's only one country for me;
'T is a gem any nation might covet;
'T is the land of my birth, and I love it,
For the Stars and the Stripes float above it, —
Hats off to the Land of the Free!"

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